THE SINNER'S TEARS, IN MEDITATIONS, AND PRAYERS.

By THO. FETTIPLACE,
Dom: Pet: Cantab.

Mat. 3. 2.
Repent, for the Kingdome of Heaven is [illegible]
hand.

[illegible]*don*, Printed by *J. R.* for *Peter Parker* at the [illegible]*eg* and *Star* over against the *Royal Exchange* in *Cornhill*, 1680

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BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE

IGHT HONOURABLE

RICHARD

ord *Keble*, one of the Lords Commiſſioners of the Great Seal of *England*; and the much Honoured *Mary* his truly Virtuous and Religious Lady; Grace and Peace.

My honoured Lord,

I *Know not where to find a fitter Patron for tears than your Lordſhip, the conſtant Series of whoſe happy dayes, th been an exact pattern of true Piety, nd but one intire Oblation of ſincere Detion: Greatneſs and goodneſs are the beſt pporters of decaying Holineſs; by the one*

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she is defended from suffering ill, by th
other incouraged in doing well. These hig
and happy Ornaments, together with m
neerness of blood unto your Honors neare
relation; and mine infant education i
that gracious Family (to which (as t
the happy instruments) I thankfully a
cribe my first ingraftings into Christ
are strong perswasions to invite me to presum
upon your Honours Patronage of this sma
tract, and humbly to present you with
tast of such wholsome fruits, as (by divin
increase) have had their growth from thos
precedent blossoms. If ever kneeling wer
in season, now is the needful time, whe
there is not onely wrath gone out from th
Lord against us, but even the bloody Viall
of his fiercest wrath are daily powred dow
upon us. I willingly confess my self to hav
been too deep a sharer in those grievous sins
which have inforced these heavy judge
ments; what I cannot recall, I desire heart
tily to bewail, and (as a true sign of min
unfeigned sorrow) according to the mea
sure of my weak abilities, have penn'd the
following lines: accept of them I beseech
you, as humbly devoted to your honours ser
vice; and read them as the disturbed not
on

s of my distracted meditations. That ho- Providence which hath directed their ds, will (I trust) supply their defects; en this the least of grains (by that mer-) may become a fruitful tree, and anch it self into matter of commemora- n to the learned, of instruction to the noraut, of help to the weak, of comfort the willing, of joy to the good, of ter- to the bad, of happiness (I trust) to all t are directed to it, and especially unto ir souls that stand in greatest need of nfort from it.

I shall not presume to inlarge my self h waste expressions, because I know your rdships more weighty affairs will not mit of such fruitless indeavours; I ll now onely crave your Honours leave, nd with Orisons; *as you have been both in your lives, so may you be happy in r deaths, blessed in your memorials; y those hopefull pledges of your loves be hful earnests of your joyes, and future nches of the Churches Peace; may they (by your examples) go on cheerfully joyfully, in those pathes of Piety which to rest and quietness, that their seed- being sorrow, their harvest may be*

joy, that all tears may be wiped from th
eyes, all sorrows from their hearts; T
is (my honoured Lord) the most affection
desire, as a kinsman, the most zealous
a Christian, of

The most humble

of all your Honours Servan

Tho. Fettiplace.

'T

To the Christian Reader

All Christian Consolation.

Reader,

THe miseries of this distressed age are such, and so many, that I know well, a subject of joy would, in the worlds eye, appear more seasonable, and be far more acceptable, after such a deluge of sorrow: but that heart which is as truly sensible of the weight of Sin, as of the burden of Misery, will surely find, that there is no true joy but in godly sorrow, that there is more complacency of soul in one repentant tear, than in an age of pleasure: with grief of heart I confess, that much of my little time hath been vainly spent, I now (therefore) willingly resolve, to lament my lost hours, and shall account it my chiefest happiness on earth, to spend my short remainder to my best advantage; I beseech thee therefore (for thine own sake) to consider with me, that God hath reserved us unto the last, the worst, the very dreggs of time; that our

greſſions are innumerable, our calamities unmatchable, our griefs unutterable, our hours, our minutes, perhaps are few, and full of evil, that it were even now moſt juſt with God to bring them to an end, that Satans cunning is unſearchable, his malice implacable, and (without divine aſſiſtance) unreſiſtable; that there is no one minute of our whole lives, in which we are not expoſed unto many great dangers, both of ſouls and bodies; and we ſhall then find, that it behoveth us to watch, and pray, that it mainly concerneth us to ſtore our ſelves with ſuch fit remedies, as may either inable in the combat, or ſupport us in the foil.

Such humble Confeſſions, and devout Prayers, as (by Gods mercy) I have found agreeable to mine own condition, I have here publiſhed for the good of thine; and ſuch true comfort as I have enjoyed in them; I heartily deſire may be derived to thee from them: And my humble and moſt earneſt petition unto Almighty God is, that as we have been deep ſharers in ſinning and in ſuffering, ſo we may alſo be devout ſharers in ſorrowing, that the Vials of our tears, may pacifie the Vials of his wrath, that ſo his fierce anger may be appeaſed, our crying

ſins

ins pardoned, our bad consciences quieted, our bleeding hearts comforted, our languishing desires relieved, our sad divisions ended, our distressed Church restored, our dear Country preserved, and our sinful souls and bodies eternally saved.

With this happy resolution of timely contrition, I joyfully imbrace thee, and earnestly intreat to be imbraced by thee, that by this blessed Union of our souls upon Earth, we may at last enjoy each other, in those sweet imbraces of Eternity, which is the cordial desire, and shall be the daily and devout prayer of,

Thy servant

in all good affections and

hearty well-wishes in Christ Jesus

Tho. Fettiplace.

The Sinners Complaint.

AH Lord so long! what sudden fears?
What cares and doubts, what sighs and tears,
Since last thou did'st afford thy loving look,
Have me oppress,
And rob'd of rest,
Because thou Lord thy servant hast forsook?

If not a look, yet hear me speak,
And pittie me; O do not break
Thy bruised reed. why should'st thou strive with man
Whose dayes are done,
When but begun,
Sith thou great God hast measur'd out his span?

Amaze me not with fearful things;
Give me thy grace, O give me wings
Of swift desire, and holy zeal, to raise
My soul to skies,
With powerful eyes,
That I may sweetly warble forth thy praise.

Thou art my Centre, fix me there,
Or move me in thy blessed Sphere;
Suffer me not (dear Lord) to move from thee;
There is no rest,
But in thy Brest,
And in thine absence present misery.

O that I were at rest with thee!
Or else that thou wert come to me,
Since in thine absence I am so distrest;
Thy wrathfull frown
Hath thrown me down,
And rais'd a storm in my unquiet brest.

Come Lord, and close these wretched eyes,
So blear'd with sins and miseries;
Resolve this erring heart to tamer dust,
Which every day
Thus steals away,
That it may rise more joyful and more just.

THE SINNERS JOY.

AH my Soul! why so dismaid?
Why so sad, so sore afraid?
Canst thou think those gracious eyes,
Drench'd in tears for thee,
Can disdain such powerfull cryes,
Such humility?
Sinners souls must sorrow keep,
Man may mourn, when God can weep.

Soul, though thou hast done amiss,
Yet rejoyce, for thou art his.
See, his soul was sad to death,
In his agony,
Sad to taste thy woful breath,
In thy misery.
Be not faithless, but believe,
Man may sigh, when God can grieve.

Do not grudge to lend a tear,
Can'st thou doubt, or can'st thou fear?
Can'st thou see his bleeding heart
And not believe him?
Wounded soul that bears a part,
Can never grieve him?

Timely

Timely tears are precious ſeed,
Man may weep, when God can bleed.

Be not ſo caſt down; Alas!
See his ſoul forſaken was
Frighted with his Fathers frown,
Left in pains of hell:
Ah why art thou ſo caſt down;
Twas to make thee well;
Doubt not, but admire his coſt,
Man may ſtray, when God was loſt.

Soul, when thou art left alone,
Do not deem thy Saviour gone,
When thou canſt not ſee his face,
Tis to let thee know
That thoſe ſinners with-draw his grace,
Which brought him ſo low.
See where he in grave doth lie,
Man may faint when God can die.

Weep no more, but wipe thine eyes,
See, O ſee, thy Saviour riſe,
Happy Soul, thy debts are paid,
He is aſcended;
Death is not, be not afraid,
All woes are ended;
Grieve no more, believe and live,
Man may take, when God can give.

Deo Salvatori.

With sighing Soul, and bended knee,
Thy Servant vows himself to thee:
My God, accept a broken heart
Bleeding for Sin; O thou which art
The Sovereign balm, vouchsafe to be.
(My dearest Lord) that Balm to me.
Inlighten with thy saving grace,
Those eyes thou guidest to this place,
And grant (dear God) those sins of mine
May not obscure that grace of thine.

Amen.

THE SINNER'S
TEARS

The Entrance to the Work.

THere is no man but naturally desireth Happiness; even those unhappy ones that least endeavour for it, have oftentimes an earnest longing to it; there can be no true Happiness without Peace, no true Peace without Holiness, without offering violence to our corrupt affections, without ransaking our soules and searching out the very secrets of our Sinful hearts: the worldling may be outwardly merry, but none but the sons of sorrow can be inwardly contented; that outward joy may delight for a season, but this inward Peace remaineth for ever.

Peace is the richest Jewel in a Christians Cabinet, the choisest Legacy that Christ bequeathed to his chosen ones; in it there is a complication of all Blessings, and without it in expectation of all Miseries; there is no attaining to it, but by the search of him who is the giver of it; there is no following this search, but by that path which leadeth to the ready way, and there is but one Guide that can direct us unto that path. Blessed God, there is no way

unto

unto thee but by thee, thou art life, and thou art the way to that life, and thou art the guide to that way, thou Lord art all in all unto me, and therefore, shalt be now and ever praised by me.

In all awful reverence to thy sacred Majestie, in fear and trembling at the sight of thy severe Justice to impenitent sinners, in serious apprehension of thy sweet mercy in forbearing me a miserable wretch, and with unfeigned sorrow and humility of heart for grieving thy good Spirit, I here dedicate the short remainer of my sinful dayes to thy service; In thy name, and in thy fear, I begin my discourse, who art the God of peace, by whose holy Spirit I am guided to this happy search: Lord, lead me in it by the same Spirit, that I may become an instrument of glory unto thee, of happiness to thine, of rest to mine own soul.

CHAP. I.

Upon the consideration of our sinfull thoughts touching the Sacred Deity, with holy cautions to order our Devotions aright.

Lord,

WHen I seriously consider what thou art (the least glimps of whose eternal glory I can no way see but by conceiving what thou art not) when I look upon the vast distance between thee the blessed Creator, and me thy sinfull Creature, I cannot but wonder at thy great patience, at thy much goodness, at thine endless mercy towards me.

My

My whole life from my nativitie hath been a continued course of sinfulness against thee, mine actions highly rebellious, my thoughts sinfully wicked, even the very best of them a dark, confused, indigested heap of miseonceivings of thy sacred Majestie.

Thou (Lord) art an Essence most glorious, most inconceivable, eternallie injoying Blessednes in the fruition of thy self; thy Centre is every where, thy Circumference no where; thou admittest not of Augmentation, nor of Diminution; no length of time is beyond thee, no depth of wisdome beneath thee, no height of glory above thee, no breadth of mercy beside thee: Thou art O Lord a most pure, simple, and eternal being; Pure without matter, without form; Simple without mixture, without composition; Eternal, without beginning, without end: no Created being can express thee, no imagination conceive thee, no understanding utter thee: when I think of thee as thou art, the bright beames of thy glory amaze me; when I conceive of thee what thou art not, the terrors of mine own heart affright me; even but the Least thought of this kind is impious, seeing that hereby I do not onely rob thee of thy glory, but even deprive thee of thy self: and yet Lord, as thy being is most high, so is the search thereof most necessary, because from it (as from the blessed fountain) I enjoy my present, I expect my future happiness; and unto it with joy of heart, and earnestness of soul, I desire should run the current of my praises in this life, of my Alleluiaes in that to come.

When I find (therefore) any corporal parts appropriated

appropriated to the Divine nature, I there ſee thee graciouſly deſcending to the weakneſs of my frail and infirm nature, and ever bleſs thy holy name that vouchſafeſt to declare thy ſelf, not as thou art, but as I am: Thine Eye (Lord) is thy Wiſdom, thy Right hand thy Power; thy ſitting thine Immutability, thy Standing thy Fortitude, thine Anger thy Juſtice in puniſhing, thy Repentance thy Mercy in pardonning, thy Hatred of ſin thy Holineſs, thy grieving thy Loving kindneſs, thy Patience and long ſuffering thy Goodneſs; all are thy ſelf.

Neither is it enough for me to conſider the Divine nature in Unitie of Eſſence, unleſs I go yet further and find a Trinity of Perſons; to be curious in this ſearch is dangerous, to be careleſs damnable; nothing may be here ſafely ſeen, but what is graciouſly revealed: Lord no man can ſee thee as thou art in thy ſelf, ſuffer me therefore to ſee thee as thou art unto us, that I may know thee, and love thee, and delight in thee, and be for ever known and loved of thee.

If there were not an eternity of being, then it may be truly ſaid that not being was before being, and ſo that being had its riſe from not being, by cauſing it ſelf to be when it was not; So ſhould Privation which was eternally evil, produce that glorious being which is eternally good: Seeing this cannot be, it will hence follow; that being was from all eternity, and that this being was eternally Good; for that which was good in the effect, muſt needs be far more eminently good in the cauſe. That this eternal good being muſt be alſo infinite, becauſe eternity it ſelf is infinite; That

this

this infinite eternal good being, must be of infinite power, to continue infinitely; that this infinite power must also be of infinite understanding, to support and preserve this eternal infinite good being; and this infinite understanding is God.

Where there is an infinite understanding, there must also be an infinite object to be understood, else could it not be infinitely active, and so should both eternity and infinity suffer diminution and become defective, which were for them both to be and not to be, which is impossible; and seeing there can be no object infinite out of God; therefore this eternal infinite and ever-blessed object, must of necessity be God.

Where there is an infinite understanding, and an infinite object to be understood, there cannot choose but be an infinite and eternal love; for from this infinite Understanding of this infinitely amiable and for ever blessed object, there must needs proceed an infinite delight, whereby it infinitely injoyeth its own excellency, and eternally reflecteth on the beauty of its own perfection; else this infinite eternal understanding should want power to enjoy this infinitely amiable object, and so should be neither good, infinite, not eternal; and this infinite and eternal Love is God.

Now because this Understanding, Object and Love are all infinite, and that whatsoever is infinite must of necessity be God; it will from thence truly and undoubtedly follow, that this Understanding is God, this Object God, and this Love God. And because it is as equally impossible that there can be any more than one infi-

nite,

nite; therefore it will as assuredly follow that these three are one, three in Existence, one in Essence, three in Order, one in Eternity; three persons, one eternal, infinite, glorious, incomprehensible, wise God; to whom be glory for ever. Amen.

This is that blessed Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, that ineffable, most mysterious Trinity in Unity, eternally injoying blessedness in its own Essence; This is that blessed inter-union of that ever blessed Spirit, that most unspeakable, immutable, incomprehensible fruition of eternall joy, at which the blessed Angels stand amazed, in which the blessed Saints shall sweetly rest themselves for ever.

All this, and infinitely more than this, thou art Lord in thy self, thy Wisdom, Justice, Mercy, Truth, Power, Holiness, and whatsoever other Attributes thou art pleas'd to take unto thy Divine Essence, are unto thee one, although unto us divers; And thou art therefore pleased diversly to manifest thy self unto us, because we cannot otherwise conceive thy being, than according to thine outward working; thy distinct operations are unto us the divers Indications of thine eternal, undivided, and for ever blessed essence.

And now Lord, who can see thee thus and live? I have hitherto seen nothing but destruction to my body, amazement to my soul: In thine essence there is light inaccessible, unto which no mortal eye can approach; in thine attributes terror unutterable, from which no mortal man can escape: Thy wisdom trying my corrupt heart, and scoatching my sinful reines; Thy Justice most severe, fearful in the pronunciation,

ciation, dreadfull in the execution; Thy truth admitteth of no alteration; no Judgement pronounced but precisely fulfilled; Heaven and Earth shall pass away, but not one tittle of thy sacred word; Thy Holiness is such, that even the blessed Angels are impure in thy sight; what then shall become of me a miserable wretch, the thoughts of whose heart are only evil, and that continually? were it not for thy rich mercy, I were lost for ever; by this alone I am for ever reconcil'd unto thee, and shall eternally be blessed with thee.

I can here with joy unspeakable and glorious, behold thee my loving Father affectionately imbracing me in Christ from all eternity, by the sweet working of thy holy Spirit; this is that truly-blessed vision of the sacred and misterious Trinity in this life of Grace, that will for ever make me truly happy in that of Glory. Lord, if I find thee not Three in One to my soul's comfort in this life, I shall never be found of thee to be blessed in thee in that to come.

Without thy Power it had not been decreed, without thy Wisdom it had never been acted, without thy Love it had never been finished. Here in a severe Judge I joyfully behold a merciful Redeemer; in a glorious Divinity a true Humanity, united to the Deity, not mixed with it; Before I had three persons in one Essence, here I have two Natures in one Person, God and Man, one Christ, in whom, and by whom, I have a joyfull interest and undoubted union in the Godhead. Here is the Father promising, the Son performing, the holy Spirit confirming. This is alone that blessed sight of God, that

bringeth

bringeth rest and quietness to my weary soul: To know him to be my God, to have suffered for my sin, and risen again for my Justification. To find him supporting, sustaining me in my infirmities, relieving my wants, chastising my errors, revenging my wrongs, repairing my breaches, directing my wayes, protecting my person; wounding, rending, breaking my obdurate heart; creating in me a clean heart, and renewing a right Spirit within me; bemoaning, bewailing mine iniquities; inviting, nay compelling me to mercy and forgiveness.

Seeing now, O my soul, that Gods being in himself is incomprehensible; and his Love in Christ unutterable; with what filial fear shouldst thou think of him, with what awfulness name him, with what reverence and preparedness pray unto him, with what heat of affection love him, with what carefulness and conscience fear to offend him, with what cheerfulness and holy diligence devote thy service to him?

Blessed Lord,

Seeing that I am utterly unable of my self to comprehend thee, O let me be graciously comprehended of thee, that corruption may be swallowed up of immortality, and humane frailty of eternal glory.

As thou hast given me an understanding in part to know thee, so give me also affections intirely to love thee, and fixed resolutions to adhere unto thee; that as thou art truly and eternally one in thine Essence, and yet distinctly three in thy Persons, so I may be truly and entirely one in my obedience, although distinctly three

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in my faculties; that all may be but one, and that a pleasing sacrifice of praises unto thee, of profit unto others, of comfort to my self.

Forgive my misconceivings of thy sacred Essence, my rash approaches to thy heavenly presence, my cold, careless, irreligious thoughts, distracted words, undecent actions. Lord, I am sailing on the stormy sea of ignorance and misery, O be thou my sure Pilot to direct me, my sweet calm to refresh me, my safe harbour to receive me; for of thee, and through thee, and to thee, are all things: to thee be glory for ever. Amen.

CHAP. 2.

Upon the consideration of Gods Love, and mans unthankfulness.

A Meditation suited to the Morning.

Blessed God,

WHen I consider of the richness, of the largeness, of the constancy of thy love to man, of mans vileness and untowardness unto thee his God, I stand amazed at thy goodness, and mine own unthankfulness. How great, and invaluable a blessing do I enjoy in being made partaker of the glorious light of this present day? how vile and unworthy am I that receive it? how great and glorious art thou that givest it? Thou, O Lord, art light inaccessible, unto which no mortal eye can approach; before whose glorious Majesty the blessed Angels stand amazed; and I am dust and ashes, yea worse, Lord, (for dust was thy creation, and therefore in its entity was good) before I was dust I was not

at

at all: This not being, by thee became a being; this being beautifull, this beauty immortal; and without thee this happy being is again become far worse than not to be.

What can be more vain, more empty than nothing; ah wo is me, I am now become far worse than nothing; thou madst me all goodness, and that goodness might have made me all blessedness; but I have my self all sin, and this sin hath made me all misery; there was darkness in not being, but that darkness was incapable; there is greater darkness in being ill; for this darkness is most capable of the privation of all light of comfort in this life, of the fruition of the blackness of darkness in hell for ever.

This, Lord, was my condition in Nature, and without thy gracious help must have been so for ever. Let me now see what my condition is by Grace, by which I enjoy not only the light of nature (without which my life would prove uncomfortable) but also a sweet and safe assurance, that thou wilt by this happy light conduct me safely to the blessed light of glory.

Blessed Lord, I can now look no way but to happiness, I now find a true sweetness and composedness of soul, a constant and courageous settledness of heart, even in the very heighth of all the disturbances of Nature, of all the inundation of Sin, of all the fluctuations of Sorrow, of all the Machinations of Satan: from the sweet fountain of thy mercy, arise those precious streams of Consolation, which abundantly relieve me in this barren Wilderness.

I find indeed a law in my members, continually rebelling against the law of my mind;

ut I find also thy grace to be sufficient for me,
y which I am victorious here, and shall be tri-
mphant hereafter: Satan may strive to winnow
e like wheat, but this shall make me the purer
r thy Granary. I now find a total and a bles-
d change of the whole man; mine affections
hich formerly were captivated unto sin, intire-
devoted to thy service; my love with holy
avid wonderful to thy law, my hatred perfect
ainst sin, my desire eager for thy presence,
y fear astonishing in thine absence, my delight
thy promises ravishing, my joy in thy per-
rmances triumphing.

By these rich indowments of thine, I am wrapt
above the reach of humane misery; all vain
d empty desires of the besotting pleasures of
s life appear truly as they are, but thornes
d bryars, to disturb the growth of my felici-
; how sweet is their loss for thy gain? how
ily, how willingly, how joyfully, how thank-
y, are all these foggy mists of ignorance, and
d error happily dispersst, by the bright rayes
ny ensuing glory.

Beside these fawning enemies of Peace which
ter to unquietness, I am now able to incoun-
with those other which affright the soul even
heir first appearance, and are able to deject
carnal man even to astonishment, and utter-
o expose him to the tyranny of sin, and tor-
of punishment: such Lord is the vast diffe-
ce between the blessed ones of thy fold, and
e unhappy ones which stray from thee into
strange pastures of impiety.

No sorrow can surprize me but for sin, and
n this too thou makest to increase my joy:
t afflictions can be evil, which is thy physick,

who art the fountain of all good? if it be gri
vous in the taſte, it is joyous in the effects ; i
mark the happy cloſe, I muſt with joy conſe
that theſe bitter ſtorms will end in bleſſed calm
will bring to my remembrance thoſe greivo
ſins that brought my Saviour to thoſe bit
groanes, will force me from the ſorrows of t
life, to my Celeſtial harbour, will bring me
my knees to ſee mine own vileneſs, will inri
me with the graces of humility, and patien
and together with them the ſweet injoyments
thy bleſſed Spirit ; and if ſo, how can I compla
of want, when in ſtead of earth I enjoy heave

Lord, what can he fear that is aſſured of t
favour? afflictions, tribulations, croſſes, ſins, S
tan, Death, hell it ſelf ſhall work to mine a
vantage: as my croſs is more grievous, my cro
ſhall be more glorious ; where ſin and Sa
have been moſt prevailing, there Grace a
Goodneſs ſhall be more triumphing. How t
ſweet Lord is the inviolable peace of thy Sain
who powerfully compelleſt even the very r
of earth and hell to work to their advanta
Lord ſanctifie the trials of this life unto my
full ſoul, that by my patient ſufferings with
Saviour here, I may have peace with him, a
by him hereafter.

I have hitherto looked on mine inward h
pineſs ; if I now caſt mine eyes upon mine o
ward, I ſhall there ſee that all theſe outw
bleſſings alſo are moſt peculiarly belonging
the Saints ; the wicked ones of the world
robbers, and ſhall one day give an account
their theft ; children, friends, ſtrangers, even
very enemies, are protected, preſerved, inrich
bleſſed for our ſakes ; ſo was *Joſeph* and his
th

ren for *Jacob*, *Zoar* for *Lot*, *Potipher* for *Joseph*, he Centurian and souldiers for St. *Paul*: And thou (Lord) wilt look so lovingly upon the hildren of this world for thine elect sake, how raciously wilt thou one day look upon those ons that shall be made partakers of thine own nheritance?

Who would not now be holy? seeing that in his blessed condition, there is not only safety nviolable, but peace unutterable, safety in life, nd sweetness in death.

And now Lord, when I enquire for what use thou givest me all this, I find nothing but ny meer love unto me; when I ask what thou requirest for all this, I hear thee demand nothing ut the return of love: what is more easie, what ore sweet, than love? and what object more miable, than that glorious being that is the perction of all love, and that love the beauty of all erfection? Thou canst not give, Lord, what thou ast not, the glory of thy creation is but a glimps f that greater glory of thine essence; Lord who n deny thee Love? how sweet is this yoak, ow light this burden! when I love thee, I enjoy ee, and my self in thee, I possess thee, I rest thee for ever. O my God, all that thou givest ee, all that thou requirest of me, is to make e happy, to thee be glory for ever. *Amen.*

Blessed Lord,

All this I joyfully confess thou hast done for me, and yet the whole course of my corrupt life hath been nothing else but a continued Rebellion against thee: mine Eyes full of Adultery, my tongue of Corrupt communication, my hands of of oppression, mine ears open to iniquity, my heart

full of hypocrisie, my feet Lame in thy paths, and swift to walk in the wayes of sinners, my whole man nothing else but the very body of death, and destruction.

I have sinned against precepts, against promises, against mercies, against judgments, against the checks of mine own conscience, and the blessed motions of thy holy Spirit; I have even tempted my temptations, by making daily and hourly provisions for sin; and have been so farr from sorrowing for all this, that I have resolved to continue yet still. And yet so great is thy compassion towards me, that still thou storeſt up new mercies for me.

Lord, I bewail my weakneß; I lament my willfulneß, I abhorr my filthineß; I heartily desire, and earneſtly endeavour to unrip my soul, to ransack my heart, to unlock the very secrets of my thoughts, that I may have all my sins continually before me, even in their worſt appearances; and I may loath them and leave them, and obtain thy gracious pardon for them.

I confeß, Lord, that I am utterly unworthy to enjoy this bleſſed light, which I have so much abuſed to thy great diſhonour; much more the light of Grace, by which thou leadeſt me to that of Glory; and that it were more just with thee, for ever to deprive me of theſe happy lights, and to expoſe me to the terrors of eternal darkneß.

Lord, I have sinned, and cannot chuſe but sin; I am a great and grievous sinner, and yet I am thy child; have pity upon me, have pity upon me, for I am in miſery: into the boſome of thy tender love, I thruſt my sinful soul for safety and protection.

O let not thy justice triumph in my ruine, but thy mercy in my deliverance, so shalt thou have the glory, and I the sweetneß of mine eternal happineß.

Hear me, O Lord, and help me, for thy name sake, for thy promiſe sake, for thy Sons sake. Amen.

CHAP. 2.

Upon the consideration of Divine Providence.

A Meditation for Noon.

leſſed God,

WIthout thy holy providence no creature can subsiſt, by thine Almighty power ney were created out of nothing, and if thou houldſt not sustain them, they muſt needs re-rn to nothing: how wisely, how wonderfully oeſt thou guide, and govern theſe inferiour reatures? All things are at once diſpoſed of by hee, and move succeſſively to their appointed nds: but above all, how graciously haſt thou rovided for the good of man? what varieties f food, how secretly, how sweetly diſpoſed it sustentation? No creature can be nouriſhing irthout thee, and with thee I enjoy not onely utriment, but delectation: how sweet is thy goodneſs to my body? how much more veet thy mercy to my soul? and if thy tempo-l refreſhments are so good, how raviſhing is at celeſtial food, with which thy Saints and ngels are delighted?

Lord, how undeſerving am I of theſe thy ma-y favours? Thou giveſt rain to the Earth, and

it becometh fruitfull; thou loadest me daily with thy blessings, and Loe I am unthankfull; even those creatures that are insensible, are daily nourisht into augmentation, and man alone whom thou hast made to live for ever, contents himself with daily diminution.

This wofully appears by my deadness and dul nes in my Christian calling, by my backwardne to Holy Duties, by my carelesness and coldne in prayer, weariness in reading, irksomness i meditation, by my faint Hope, sick Faith, luke warm Love, frozen Charity, lame Patience, lan guishing Zeal, and all those other visible decay of Goodness, which are none other than the ver symptoms of a dying soul.

Ah now, Lord, how miserably deformed mu I needs appear in thy sight, that am thus ug in mine own! Thou that hadst compassion o me when I was in my blood, and then saidst u to me, Live; that hast washed me clean from f and pollution, and espoused me into thine ow bosom, wilt thou also love me in death? Wi thou court me in the grave? How justly migh est thou for ever leave me to mine own ruin that can so easily, so willingly forsake thee, f the pleasures of sin; and yet how sweetly, ho affectionately doest thou order all things for m Even my very sins invite me to a more happ to a nearer Union with thee.

To thee therefore, O my God, the life of life, the very being, and assured comfort of sinfull soul, and wretched body, do I addres self for mercy and forgiveness.

I confess my self unworthy of thy gracious vidence in sustaining this frail and infirm bo

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much more unworthy (O Lord) of thine unſpeakable love, in reviving, relieving, imbracing my deformed ſoul.

Bleſſed Lord, who am I of whom thou art thus tenderly compaſſionate? when I was in the womb I was defiled with ſin, when I came out of it, I was covered with ſhame; the World bewitched me, the Fleſh beſotted me, the Devil beguiled me.

Lord, when no eye pittied me, then thou hadſt mercy on me; and now at laſt when I am run from thee, when I have adulterated my firſt Love, when I am become poor and wretched, and miſerable, and blind, and naked, thou freely forgiveſt me, thou calleſt me thy fair one, and giveſt me thy love.

O my God, I admire thy Goodneſs, I deplore and abhor mine own wretchedneſs; O let the ſweetneſs of thy love in Chriſt, inflame the dying ſparks of my benummed ſoul to praiſe thee without ceaſing.

Expatiate my narrow thoughts, with daily contemplation of my heavenly home, with joyfull expectation of the ſweet fruition of Eternity; O give me ſuch a bleſſed rapture of ſoul, that I may live above the reach of humane miſery, and reign with thee hereafter in immortal glory.

CHAP.

CHAP. 4.

Upon the consideration of the sinfulnes, shortnes and uncertainty of life.

A Meditation suited to the Evening.

Lord,

WHen I call to mind how many days have past me without bending of a knee, how many nights I have gone prayerles to bed, I may well wonder that I am this hour alive to speak unto thee: I have been too unmindfull of thy holy providence, and am therefore utterly unworthy of thy mercifulprotection: Few, and full of evil have my days been in the house of my Pilgrimage, I know not how soon I may go hence, and yet I still live, as if I knew not why I came hither.

I am many wayes invited to my heavenly home; how sweetly doest thou wean fr the miseries of life; by the blessednes of dea By this Evenings rest of my body I am put i mind of that eternal rest of my soul: This dayes ending tells me that the end of all things is at hand, that the fashion of this world passeth, and that all things shall become new: As his hour is the Evening to this day, so this day (for ought I know) may be the Evening to my whole life; I cannot challenge to my self one minute more; how vain am I to promise dayes and years? Lord, in the whole current of thy Sacred Story I find but onely one, that durst presume upon so large a reckoning, and him thou brandest with the name of Fool: Let his folly (Lord) be my instruction, so shall I account

count each day my laſt, and neither care to live, nor fear to die.

How many have been ſnatcht out of this life, how ſuddenly, and to mans eye how fearfully? How unſpeakable is thy mercy unto me, to ſpare me for repentance? how often and how earneſtly haſt thou invited me to mercy? how coldly, and how careleſly have I refuſed theſe thy gracious offers? ſtill I ſin, and ſtill thou forgiveſt, and (which is the height of my impiety) I therefore am more and more evil againſt thee, becauſe thou art more and more gracious unto me; and it were now moſt juſt with thee, even this very moment, to put a period to my ſinfull life.

Lord, Let this teach me improve the ſhort remnant of my daies to thy ſervice, and that I may endeavour ſo to doe, I will preſcribe my ſelf theſe following rules.

Each evening ſhall take a ſtrict account of my dayes traffique for my ſoul, and where I find my ſelf a loſer, I will labour for ſupply. When I awake, my firſt thoughts ſhall begin with thee, from whom I have my firſt being: nothing will more trulie repreſent me to my ſelf, than the firſt view of mine affections; if my firſt thoughts be ſeaſoned with grace, my following actions will ſavour of goodneſs. My care ſhall be more to dreſs my ſoul, than to trim my bodie; I will think no pains too great, no ornaments too rich to make her beautifull. One devout ſigh from a contrite heart, is of more worth (in thy ſight) than an hours task of Lip-devotion. My affections are the ſoul of my words, without which, I ſpeak onely, but pray not: when my prayers are cold, my hopes

may well be comfortless. My set hours for Devotion shall be constant; no pretence of nature shall debar me of this happiness: The Lovers eyes are often glancing on the pleasing object that delights him; if my affections be sincere: my looks will be amorous, I shall often steal a sweet Ejaculation to satisfie the longing of my Love-sick soul. When I can thus bring the day to an end, my life will be comfortable, my death happy, and I may then say with holy *David*, that *I will lay me down in peace, and take my rest, for it is thou Lord onely that makest me dwell in safety.*

Blessed Lord, in the morning of my Creation thou gavest me unto my self, in the evening of my Redemption thou gavest thy self unto me: My Creation was wonderfull, my Redemption astonishing. As this daies light is obscured for the rest of my body, so wert thou the blessed and eternall light for the rest of my soul. Thou, O blessed Saviour, art my light to direct me, my heat to comfort me, my sweet and safe repose eternally to refresh me.

Gracious God,

With humble and dejected heart I ask forgiveness of the many failings of my sinful life past, recall my sinful thoughts to my remembrance. Lord, as the burthen of them is intolerable, so let my grief for them be unutterable.

Lord, open mine eyes that I may see the soulness, and the filthiness of sin, and apprehend the greatness of thy wrath against it.

Forgive those actual sins which this day's light hath witnessed; Lord, give me a godly sorrow for them, a perfect hatred against them

a fixed and a constant resolution to forsake them.

Lord, cleanse me from my secrit and unknown sins, and keep me, for thy mercy sake, that daring and presumptuous sins may never have dominion over me.

Make me a carefull Steward of that precious time which thou hast given me, withdraw my affections from the vain pleasures of this sinfull life, and grant that all the dayes of my appointed time I may wait readily and chearfully untill my change shall come.

CHAP. 5.

Upon our approaching unto Gods House.

Lord,

THere is no mortal man worthy to stand at thy door, much less to appear in thy presence; and yet how often have I presumed to approach unto thee without that preparedness of heart, without that dejection of soul, without that true and holy reverence that becometh thy child.

I am now going out of *Egypt* into *Canaan*, out of Bondage into Freedom: The sinful troubles of this life are my souls Taskmasters to load it with a burthen insupportable, and this is that place of sacrifice, that Mount of God, to ease and solace it.

Consider therefore, O my soul, in what relation thou now standest to thy God. If thou art a true *Israelite*, thou wilt look back upon thy drudgery, and despise it, and offer up thy self a living sacrifice with cheerfulness, with thankfulness

nesse of heart. If thou art Gods child, thou wilt love to be in Gods house; Long for Gods presence, thirst for his favour, delight in his Word, and rejoyce to be often at his Table: Thou wilt make it thy chiefest joy to be often in that place, from whence thou mayest expect thy chiefest good.

Lord (by thy grace assisting) I will now uncloath my self of all earthly affections, I will call to mind unto whose presence I approrch, and wherefore; that I am going from this Church Militant, to that Triumphant; that thou, Lord, art as truly present here in Grace, as there in Glory (unless therefore I am in love with misery) I will leave behind me all earthly mindedness, and carry with me a pure heart, and heavenly thoughts, a lowly mind, and reverend gesture. Lord, if I go not cheerfully to thy Throne of Grace, I may well fear I shall never go joyfully to that of Glory.

The lowest room in thy House shall content me, Divine Worship admitteth not of desparity of persons; we are all sinners, and (as we are in nature) most impure in thy sight, the worst room in thy House is too good even for the best of us, yet decency of place may be taken with modesty, if not sought with emulation.

During the time of this holy dispensation, I will call my thoughts unto a strict attendance, and make it part of my precedent prayer, that I may. Satan is ever most busie, when our intentions are most holy; which when he cannot deliver, he labours to corrupt, and by this means when I desire to grow better, I become worse. How careful ought I to be to avoid his cunning, who can couzen me in my best actions? My

My soul shall more delight it self with the matter, than my Ears with the melody of thy sacred Notes: Church musick will be then truly sweet unto me, when mine outward joy is subservient to mine inward.

Mans sinful weakness shall not make me slight thy holy Ordinance: If my Pastor have failings, I will pity, and pray for him, but not despise him. If I look into mine own Soul, I shall there find work enough to repair mine own ruins, This, Lord, shall rather move me to extoll thy mercy, in upholding mine own steps, to lament the sadness of my Brothers misery. Lord, let me never think my self better then another, because I know not how soon I may become worse.

I shall willingly continue in that Fold where thou hast placed me, and hope to remain there with comfort, till thou shall lead me out with safety. While I am at thy feeding, I am happy; one of thy morsels well digested with humility and thankfulness, will yeeld me better nourishment then that other food of mine own finding. The very meanest of thy Ministers may afford me Patience, and that Heavenly Grace, with thy blessing to boot, is a great advantage. If I receive thy Sacred Word with cheerfulness, with earnestness of heart, my obedience shall be accepted, my zeal rewarded.

While I am within thy walls, I shall account that gesture most decent, that is most humble, and those ceremonies most necessary that are most suitable to obedience; all matters of Doctrine (which are necessary to Salvation) ought to be guided by the sacred Word, which is the only rule of faith; all matters of Discipline

(which

(which are necessary only to obedience) are therefore left to thy Churches care: that as thou art one, so thy Church may be one, in that blessed union of love, which is the bond of peace.

And now, O Lord, if thou shalt call me to a strict account for all thy misdemeanours in thy sacred Worship, with what confusion of face must I needs appear before thee?

How many evil suggestions, how many idle imaginations, how many sinful Objects have I often entertained, to divert my thoughts from thy service?

I have too often sinned in absenting thy House, but more often and more grievously in frequenting it, by coming carelesly and out of custome, by unbeseeming gestures, cold prayers, heartless hearing, profane scoffing, curious censuring, and even in the best of my performances, by serving thee my God by halves; all this I heartily bewail, and earnestly desire thy pardon and forgiveness for it.

Lord, let this daies rest of my body, bring to my remembrance that eternal rest of my soul; let me not now think mine own thoughts, speak mine own words, doe mine own actions, but come before thee with a sanctified and humble soul, with a wounded and contrite spirit.

Repell al evil suggestions, remove all idle imaginations, divert all sinful objects; enlighten mine understanding, rectify my will, strengthen my memory, subdue mine affections, that I may rejoyce in thy love, delight in thy Law, long for thy presence, rely on thy promises thirst for thy grace, and be for ever blessed in thy glory.

Amen.

CHAP.

CHAP. 6.

upon our returning from Gods House, and the neglect of private duties.

Lord,

HE that knoweth thee, will undoubtedly delight to serve thee; If I call thy Sabbath a delight, my thoughts in this day will be pure, my words gracious, mine actions holy: That soul which cannot joyfully familiarize it self with thee in this life, may well be fearful to be seen of thee in that to come.

When I seriously consider what a rich favour I enjoy, how great a distance I am at from thee my God, how sweet a mercy thou affordest me to speak unto thee, I cannot but confess mine own unworthiness, if I regard not what I hear, if I rejoyce not to recall thy blessed words to my remembrance.

How dreadful was that voice that spake in thunder! and how severe the words that then were spoken! how blessed is this still musick of the Gospell! and how delightful to my wounded spirit! Lord, let this raise my soul above the reach of earthly vanities, let this encourage me to heavenly cheerfulness, in heavenly duties, to be joyful in reading, fervent in prayer, frequent in meditation, constant in all: That knowledge will make wofully wise, which teacheth me to know, and not to do thy will. Meditation is the life of hearing. Practice the life of Meditation, and a sincere heart the life of practice.

When I look into my life past, I find it to be all

all sin; when I consider of my life present, I cannot but confess it to be all shame; I am still so far from growing better, that I am become much worse? this is that blessed day which concerneth my peace, if I embrace not this happy opportunity, I may justly fear these gracious offers will be hid for ever from mine eyes, each word, that I heard this day, is of weight; if I become not more holy by my heavenly improvements by it, I shall certainly become sinful by my careless neglecting of it. Thy work, O Lord, will have its end, and this end (either to my happiness or ruine) shall assuredly promote thy glory; there is no vacuity in nature, with thee, the God of nature, there can be none.

Think therefore, O my soul, that this daies instruction may be thy last (as thou hopest) for heaven, let it not pass thee without some profit: Consider seriously how many millions of worlds one lost soul would give to be restored to thy condition, that to morrow thou maiest be as one of them, and then judge how great will be thy folly, how woful thy misery, if thou triflest with those sacred counsels which concern thy rest.

O thou God of infinite compassions, look not upon those infinite failings of my sinful nature, but behold me in the beauty and perfection of thy blessed Son.

Teach me, O Lord, to see the rebellion of mine own wicked heart by his perfect obedience, my sinfulness by his righteousness, my misery by his mercy.

Forgive my many and sinful compliances of nature, which have made me a stranger to thy graces,

graces, and mine own happineſs.

The great neglect of mine obedience unto thy commands, hath juſtly called for the great and heavy load of mine afflictions; the careleſs withdrawing of mine affections from thee my God, hath occaſioned the ſad departings of thy holy Spirit from me.

O that my Loſs of tears might now prevail with thee, to repair the Loſs of my preſence in my ſinful ſoul: Lord let the greatneſs of my folly in ſinning, extoll the richneſs of thy mercy in forgiving.

Reſtore me to the joy of thy Salvation, and ſtabliſh me with thy free Spirit; ſo ſhall I have the comfort, and thou the praiſe of my deliverance.

If thou, Lord, wilt give me underſtanding to delight in thy Law, I ſhall alſo have a ſweet aſſurance, that thou wilt delight in me to do me good.

Accept of my deſires, ſtrengthen my endeavours, perfect my performances, pardon my weakneſs, aſſiſt my willingneſs, forgive my ſinfulneſs, nouriſh the good motions of thy holy Spirit in me, and for thy mercies ſake remove all dangers, and temptations from me; that when the ſhort and wretched race of my imperfect holineſs is ended here, I may ſolemnize that eternal Sabbath with the bleſſed Saints and Angels in thy Kingdom, and reſt with thee in perfection of true happineſs for ever. Amen.

CHAP.

CHAP. 7.

Upon the want of due Preparation for receiving of the blessed Sacrament of the Lords Supper.

Lord,

WHen I look upon the inestimable value of that gift which I am this day to receive, when I consider of the Majestie of thee the Giver, of the misery of me the Receiver, of the vast difference between corruption and eternity, of thy strict commands for preparation to the Passeover under thy Law, of thy blessed precepts for due receiving of thy Sacrament under the Gospel, of thine own example in washing thy Disciples feet, and thereby symbolizing the eternal washing of their souls; of thy Saints practice in their solemn preparations unto holiness, by pulling off their shoes when they approached thy presence; of thy severe judgements against *Uzza*, for heedlesse touching of thine Ark; against those rash *Corinthians*, whereof (for want of holy preparation) some were weak, some sick, some fallen asleep; and lastly, of that dreadfull sentence against unworthy comers to thy Wedding Feast, pronounced by thine own mouth, I tremble at my bold approaches to thy blessed Table, I wonder at thy goodness, that I am yet alive to say there is yet mercy with thee, that thou mayst be feared.

How many blessed opportunities of coming to thy Table have I sinfully neglected! How many abused, by my sinful resort thither, by my wandring and idle thoughts there, by my wicked and profane actions after I returned thence!

Lord

Lord, wilt thou ſtill ſuffer me to abuſe thy goodneſs? How long Lord, how long ſhall I wander in theſe woful waies of wickedneſs? I am weary of the ſins and miſeries of this life and willing to embrace this heavenly comfort for my ſoul. I confeſs my ſelf a great and grievous ſinner, and yet I know Lord, thou cameſt not to call the righteous, but ſinners to repentance: I am hungry, and poor, and blind, and naked, and miſerable, deſtitute of all hope, of all help, but from thee alone; Lord I am unworthy of thy crums, yet thou admitteſt me to thy Table; the ſinfulneſs of my corrupt nature had made a woful ſeparation between us, but the richneſs of thy ſufferings hath for ever made a ſweet conjunction of us; all my ſins are thine, all thy righteouſneſs is mine, thou art now my well beloved, and I am thy choſen one, and in this bleſſed Union is my ſweet and ſafe repoſe for ever.

Who can enough deplore that no more than woful ſeparation? Who can enough admire this more than wonderful conjunction? this more then happy reconciliation? Here is Juſtice undeniable, Mercy incomprehenſible, Wiſdom unutterable, Love unimitable.

O let my ſoul now loſe it ſelf in the unknown paths of heavenly contemplation; let me this day apprehend thee (O my Saviour) faſting, praying, weeping, groaning, ſweating, bleeding, fainting, dying, for my ſake, and now pleading to my God for mercy for me: Let me now taſte the ſweetneſs of that mercy by a lively faith, the fulneſs of this ſweetneſs by a bleſſed hope, the fruition of this fulneſs by eternal Love.

Lord

Lord how unworthy am I of these embraces, if I bewail not, if I abhor not, If I forsake not all the wretched failings of my sinful life past; if I rejoyce not with joy unspeakable, and glorious, to be admitted to so great a mercy; if this inflame not mine affections with unspotted love to thee my God, with earnest longings for thy presence of Grace in this life, of Glory in that to come?

And now, Lord, since thou in thy rich love hast freely forgiven me my pounds, I will also most willingly and heartily forgive my brother his pence; I will have nothing to do with malice, that had so much need of mercy: I will unfeignedly, and freely, and fully forgive all injuries on Earth; I will love all those that hate me, and pray for all those that despightfully use me; and all this for thy sake who hast freely loved me, and laid down thy life for me, to whom be Glory for ever. *Amen.*

Blessed Lord God,

Look down in mercy and compassion on me, thy poor distressed suppliant, whom thou now vouchsafest to admit unto thy heavenly Banquet; Illuminate my blindness by the blessed light of thy most sacred word, satisfie my hunger with the sweet refreshings of thy gracious presence, inrich my poverty, with the gifts and graces of thy holy Spirit; cover my nakedness with the precious robes of thine own righteousness; swallow up the depths of my misery by the height of thy mercy, that I may this day appear before thee with a sincere heart, and happy soul.

Lord, strengthen and support my feeble faith, make me joyfully to trust in thee, constantly to

rely upon thee, thankfully to sacrifice my soul in praises to thee.

Vouchsafe, dear Lord, that I may worthily approach thy blessed Table, that I may this day be so united to thee, that all my joy and comfort may hereafter be for ever with thee. Amen.

CHAP. 8.

Containing pious Ejaculations at the time of Receiving.

Lord,

THou art that blessed Bread, by which my soul is nourisht to eternal life; thou art that fruitful Vine, from which doth flow those gladding comforts to my fainting spirit.

Thou wert broken for my sins, thou wert bruised for my transgressions, and the chastisement of my peace was upon thee: Lord, by thy stripes let my sinfull soul be healed.

Thou tookest into thy hand the cup of trembling, thou drankest out the very dregs thereof, and thy precious blood was poured out like water for my sake.

Sweet Jesus sustain me by this Bread, refresh me with this Wine, recover me with this Potion, cleanse me by this Effusion; that I may this day receive joyfully, return thankfully, live righteously, and die happily.

CHAP

CHAP. 9.

Containing a brief Meditation, and pious Thanksgiving after our Receiving.

I Am this day joyfully delivered from the bondage of Sin and Satan, and happily restored into the glorious libertie of the sons of God; I have relished the sweetness of his heavenlie promises, and received the seal of his gracious performances; I now enjoy that blessed Peace of God which passeth all our understanding. My deliverance is wonderful, my freedom absolute, my peace unalterable, my joy unutterable: My conscience is now quieted, my spirit ravished, mine enemies vanquished, and my God wellpleased.

To thee therefore, O thou blessed Fountain of Eternall sweetness, do I addresse my joyfull soul, to love and honour thee to my lives end. Lord Jesus accept of me, and so powerfully and graciously assist me, that I may savingly behold thee in thy blessed promises, that I may happily enjoy thee in thy holy Ordinances; that I may clearly see, and joyfully confess what great things thou hast done for my poor soul; that I may be daily ravished with apprehension of thine exceeding love, and hourly busied with recounting thy endless praise.

Lord make me to forsake the sins and miseries of this life; make me more watchful over my corrupt heart, more zealous of thy glory and thy childrens good; that I may never willingly offend thee, but wholly sacrifice the short remain-

der

dir of my dayes unto thee; that ſo my heart and my fleſh may triumphantly rejoice in thee the living God.

Mortifie my corruptions, ſuport my weakneſs, accept my willingneſs: Let this my humiliation before thee be a pleaſing ſacrifice unto thee, for his alone ſake whoſe precious life thy rich mercy hath ſacrificed to thy Juſtice for me. Lord hear me, have mercy on me for his alone ſake woom thou haſt freely given unto me, that I may truly love thee, devoutly ſerve thee, earneſtly imbrace thee, eternally enjoy thee. Amen.

CHAP. 10.

upon a Journey undertaken, and the many dangers incident thereunto.

I Am now going from mine own home, and know not whether I ſhall ever return; God I know hath ſed a period to my daies, beyond which I cannot paſs, but when, or where, or how my life ſhall end, I am uncertain. Many are the dangers that attend this ſinful life, and mady more my ſins that have deſerv'd them, I can neither number the one, nor foreſee the other, this is the wretched, and the ſad condition of my body, and (without unfeigned ſorrow of my ſins,) the much more woful caſe of my diſtreſſed ſoul.

Lord, there is nothing ſo ſweet as thy love, nothing ſo ſafe as thy protection, and yet I have carelefly neglected the one, and thou maieſt now juſtly deny me the other; thou haſt woo'd me to mercy, and I have refuſed to come; thou haſt graciouſly invited me by thy continual

preſer-

preſervations, by thy fatherly ſuſtentations, by thy gentle corrections, by thy faithful promiſes, and thy rich performances.

Bleſſed Lord, how wonderfull are thy compaſſions towards me, when I am unthankful for thy many favours, when I am unmindful of mine own miſeries, even then thou graciouſly provideſt for me, and yet for all this I have not hitherto reſolved ſeriouſly to come unto me.

Such, and ſo many are my ſins, ſo great is my unthankfulneſs, that I now tremble to appear before thee; and yet ſo tender is thy mercy to me, that thou again allureſt me to comfort and contentment. Lord, into the bleſſed boſom of thy love I caſt my ſelf for ſafety and protection; and in the midſt of danger, even in death it ſelf will joyfully rely upon thee.

For thou, O Lord, art my ſtrong rock and fortreſs, unto which I will alwaies reſort: Lord keep me as the apple of thine eye, hide me under the ſhaddow of thy wings.

Strengthen my weak faith againſt the ſtrong aſſaults of Satan; ſupport and comfort me in all the fears and terrors of mine own accuſing conſcience; protect and keep me in this preſent journey; let thy holy Angels be my bleſſed Guardians, to protect me in life, to preſerve me in death, to aſſiſt me after death.

O let me never grieve thoſe bleſſed Spirits (which though inviſible, yet more aſſuredly are my attendants?) Lord, as thou haſt given them readineſs and cheerfulneſs of mind to watch my preſervation, and further my ſalvation, ſo give me carefulneſs and conſtancy of ſoul to joy

them

them in my life and conversation.

And seeing, Lord, I cannot know my hour of dissolution, O teach me so to number my daies, that I may apply my heart unto heavenly wisdom; that I may obtain a sweet assurance of thy love in Christ; unfeigned sorrow for my sins, a sincere and constant heart to thy service, and a cheerful readiness at thy Call. Amen.

CHAP. 10.

Containing Pious Meditations, and zealous Ejaculations after a Journey.

I Am now by Gods gracious providence returned safe unto mine earthly home, but am still travelling to my heavenly: There is nothing in this life but labour and sorrow, nothing in that but rest and happiness, and yet I dote upon the one, and neglect the other. Lord, if my treasure were with thee, my heart would be there also: When thou giveſt me more knowledge of thee, I shall have more desire to come unto thee; When my sins have made me more sensible of mine own misery, thy Grace (I trust) will make me more capable of thy sweet mercy.

Lord, if this vain unquietness be so refreshing to my mortal body, how truly blessed will thy heavenly rest be to mine immortal soul? When thou, Lord, wilt wipe away all tears from mine eyes, all akings from my heart; when there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, nor any more pain; when soul and body shall triumphantly and joyfully repose themselves in thee for ever: when they

shall drink freely of the rivers of thy pleasures and be for ever satisfied with the fatness of thy house.

I confess my self unworthy to enjoy this outward rest in this mine earthy home, much more unworthy to enjoy that inward rest, that sweet assurance of a lively hope, to be partakers of eternal rest. How wretched is my body without this outward quietness? How much more wretched is my soul without thee? Thou, O Lord, art my shield, to defend me, my staff to uphold me, my food to sustain me, my wine to glad me, my beloved to embrace me, my pleasure to delight me, my joy to ravish me, my sweet and safe repose for ever to refresh me.

Let this teach me, (Lord) to fix my thoughts on heaven and heavenly things; to use this world sobeely in thee and to thee; to view it (truly as it is) a barren Wilderness, a transitory, vain, and empty thing; far inconsistent with my real happiness; to desire nothing, to enjoy nothing in the Creature, but only in, and unto thee the great Creator; so shall no vain pleasure bewitch me, no unjust profit beguile me; no sudden sorrow dismay me, no terrors of Conscience affright me.

To thee, O thou sovereign of my soul, do I devote the remnant of my sinfull daies, to love thee, to praise thee, to honour thee, to rest in thee for ever.

Lord wean me from the sins and miseries of this life, and raise my thoughts to immortality. Let the sweetness of thy heavenly joyes relieve the harshness of my worldly sorrows, that misery may be swallowed up of mercy and swiftly of eternity.

Unite me in a blessed union with thee, that I may constantly adhere unto thee, and be for ever graciously accepted of thee: O give me a sweet complacency of soul in thy service, and a willing and a dutiful obedience, unto thy commands.

Lord give me a thankful heart for all thy mercies to me, for thy continual preservation, for thy blessed supportation, for the enjoyment of thy needful comforts in this life, and for the glorious hopes of those in that to come.

Blessed God, so sublimate my sinful soul, that I may see the richness, of thy love in Christ, that I may soberly enjoy thy blessings here, and faithfully expect thy joyes hereafter.

Lord, all that I have without thee is meer emptiness, and nothing, meer vanity and worse than nothing; my glory, shame; mine honor, ignominy; my health, ruin; my riches, poverty; my gain, loss; my pleasure, pain; my laughter, madness.

Thou, O Lord, art all in all unto me, O grant that nothing may withdraw thy service from thee; that no inticing pleasure may allure me, that no destracting Care, or sinful sorrow may disturb me, but that my soul may now and ever safely and contentedly rely upon thee.

Lord, thou seest all my desires, and my continual groanings are not hid from thee: Thou alone knowest how weary I am of the sinful travailes of this life, how earnestly I long to be at rest with thee; Lord pardon all my sins, and put an end to all my miseries: Come Lord Jesus, come quickly, wipe away all tears from mine eyes, and bring me to the rest of thine which never shall have end. Amen.

CHAP. 12.

Upon the great danger of Security.

DEceive not thy self, O my Soul, it is not so easy a matter to inherit Heaven, as thou imagineſt; there will be much fighting, ſweating, bleeding, much compunction of ſoul, ſubjection of body, hard preſſing towards the mark, for the price of the high calling in Chriſt Jeſus, before this happy conqueſt can be gained.

Conſider therefore in what condition thou now ſtandeſt, what ground thou haſt gained of thy corrupt nature, how much better thou art this day than the day paſt, than the year paſt, than thy whole life paſt; nay rather how much worſe by adding ſin unto ſin, by drinking in iniquity like water, by treaſuring up wrath againſt the day of wrath, and revelation of thy righteous Judgment.

Philoſophy will tell thee, that in all natural motions, the nearer they are to ending, the more violent their motion is; Divinity will tell thee, that in old age thou will be fat, and well liking: what increaſe of love haſt thou to Gods Law? what groweth of hatred againſt ſin? what boſom-ſin haſt thou parted with? what gracious improvement haſt thou made in knowledge, Faith, Repentance, Love, and all thoſe other gifts and graces which concur to thy perfection?

Holy Saint *Anſelm* was often heard to ſay, *If I could from hence behold the pains of hell, from thence the horrour of ſin, I would rather embrace*

thoſe

those pains, than this horrour: O what growth of grace was here! how far am I from this degree of holiness! how easily perswaded to delude my self with shews and shadows of perfection? There is no attaining unto happiness without holy violence, without beating down my body, without cherishing my soul; if I conquer not here, I cannot triumph hereafter.

Lord, when I look into the strictness of the lives of thy Saints, I much lament the folly of mine own; I see holy *David* in sackcloth and ashes, consuming whole daies and nights in mourning for sin, washing his bed with his tears, afflicted in body, tormented in soul grieving, crying, roaring, for unquietness of heart. Blessed *Paul* subduing his body, by fasting, watching, praying, toyling in the Ministry, and thou, my blessed Saviour, in continual labour and sorrow for my sake: how vain is my trust, how false my hope, how great my errour, to believe I run, when I stand still? to expect triumph without a victory, a victory without combat. Lord, if many that strive to enter at the strait gate, yet shall not be able: what shall become of me? who are so far from coming to thee, that I every day am running from thee; who am not only opposite unto thee, but even enmity it self against thee.

Sometimes I feel the stings and gripings of a wounded conscience, I know my self to be a grievous sinner, but I quiet my disturbances by hope my Saviour, I willingly accept of mercy from thee, but grudgingly repine at service to thee; thou biddest me indeed to drink freely of the waters of life, but thou commandest me also to make my calling and election sure, to

work out my salvation with fear and trembling; thou ordainest not the end without the means; If I rebelliously neglect the one, thou maiest most righteously deny me the other: Lord, what can it profit me to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; when I deprive my soul of happiness for ever?

O let this teach me to deplore my dangerous condition, to go on cheerfully in the waies of godliness, to think no cost too much, no pain too great, no grief too good, to purchase Heaven; to consider seriously, that time once past can never be recall'd, that this hour may be my last, and bring me to eternity of torments; where the stream is stillest, there the chanel is deepest, where there is least distrust, there is usually most danger: Satan therefore disturb me not, because I sleep in death: But when thou, Lord, shalt open mine eyes to see the Stability of this Deceiver, I shall then find, that *the waters* (of sin) *are gone over my soul*, that I am wofully drowned in the great depth of security, and can expect nothing (without mercy) but Satans cruelty and mine own endless misery.

To that sweet mercy therefore I appeal, with earnestness of soul, and humbleness of heart, bemoaning my sins, bewailing my Transgressions.

O Lord my God, when I consider of thy gracious goodness, and mine own vileness, I am utterly ashamed to appear in thy presence.

Thou hast often called me to repentance, but I have not hearkned unto thee; thou hast lovingly invited me to mercy, but I have wilfully

fal-

fused thou hast clothed me with thine own garment, and I have shamefully defiled it; thou hast enriched me with thy grace, and I have robbed thee of thine honour. All this, and infinitely more than this, thou hast freely done for me, the worst of sinners, and yet for all this I have rebelliously forsaken thee, and most ungraciously been most unmindful of thee

And now, Lord, seeing that I am dead and putrified in sins, and rotten in corruptions, what else can I expect from thee, but to be buried out of thy sight? and yet thou still saiest unto me, live.

O thou blessed Fountain of eternal good, convey those happy streams of comfort to my sinful soul, that may revive me from the grave of misery: open mine eyes, that I may see thee in thy long patience, in thy great goodness, in thy rich mercies, in thy fatherly affections towards me.

I am wofully sunk into the deep mire of sin, where no stay is; Lord uphold me by thy grace, that I perish not eternally; O deliver me for thy mercy sake, for I am helpless and poor, and my heart is wounded within me.

Let my soul live, and it shall praise thee, and thy judgments shall help me.

As thou hast raised me by thy power, so rule me by thy providence, that thy grace may be far sweeter with my sufferings, than my pleasure with my sins.

Restrain my loose desires, renew my good purposes, assist my weak endeavours, correct mine errours, sustain my infirmities; give me a godlie sorrow for my sins, and a thankful heart for thy favours, a filial fear of thy judgments, a sincere

love to thy laws, an holy constancy, and happy perseverance to my lives end. Amen.

CHAP. 13.

upon the great danger of Presumption.

ALass, my soul, how vain art thou, how wretched, to presume upon the mercy of thy God? how canst thou be so foolish to believe, that God will favour thee in that which he so severely punished in his own Son? thinkest thou that precious blood was spilt to cherish sin? Be not mistaken, for as Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, so he came also to call sinners to repentance. Doest thou argue well to say, because God is merciful, long-suffering, and of great goodness, therefore I will abuse his mercy in sinning, his patience by my long continuing in sin, his great goodness by my great unthankfulness? is not this to mock his mercy, to bid defiance to justice, to arm him with fury, to invite him to revenge? Assure thy self, the longer he is in drawing his Bow, the more forcible will he send his Arrow.

Deceive not thy self therefore, God will not be so merciful to thee, as to be unjust to himself; all the waies of God are Mercy and Truth; Mercy to support thy weakness, Truth to correct thy wilfulness: There is therefore Mercy with him, that he may be feared, not that he may be slighted, not that he may be shamefully dishonoured: How full of falshood is thy bold presumption? thou criest Peace, Peace, when suddain War is ready to destroy thee

thee; *There is no peace to the wicked, saith my God*; Heaven and Earth are up in Arms against thee, and there is none left, not so much as thine own Conscience to deliver thee.

Thou hast graciously received the knowledge of the truth, thou hast grievously sinned against the light of that knowledge, thou hast wofully continued in thy sins, without remorse of conscience, without desire of repentance, and there now remaineth no more sacrifice for sin, but a fearful looking for of judgment, and violent fire, that should devour the Adversaries.

O remember, that the Angels, for one sin, were thrown down from Heaven; and that *Adam*, for one sin, was cast out of Paradise: Thy sins (O my soul) are innumerable, thou hast had line upon line, and precept upon precept, and yet thou addest sin upon sin, and transgression upon transgression: Thou hast sinned against many pretious promises, against many gracious performances, against many fearful judgments; thou hast grieved that good Spirit, by which the Saints are sealed up unto the day of redemption: All these are heavy aggravations upon the, to fill up the measure of thy sins, and hasten the swiftness of thy punishments.

Ah how sad is thy condition! thou hast not only wearied out thy self in wickedness; but thy God also: hear what he saith unto thee, how he complaineth of thee; by his holy Prophet, *Behold I am pressed under you, as a Cart is laden with sheaves, Amos* 2. 13. and yet thou still addest more load: but as thou addest sin upon sin, so thou callest for wrath upon wrath; as thou hast made a mock at sin, so God will make a mock at misery; as thou hast thy measure in

sinning, so God will have his measure in punishing: Consider what he saith unto thee by his Prophet, *Judgment will I lay to the rule, and Righteousnes to the ballance*, Isa. 21. 17, 18. As he hath a bottle for thy tears, so he hath a bag for thy transgressions, *Job.* 14, 17. their growth is recorded, their number accounted, their nature examined, all sealed up against the great and fearful day of the revelation of the righteous judgment.

O consider this thou that forgettest God, lest he tear thee in peices, and there be none to deliver thee: Think how suddainly thou maiest be snatcht away by those infernal Fiends, to endless torments, and then what tears will be enough to weep thine obsequies, to quench those everlasting burnings? But then, alas, instead of tears of compassion, thou shalt have mocks of derision, the cursed Devils will laugh thee to scorn, the blessed Saints and Angels will rejoice at thy confusion, and God himself, who only can relieve thee, will for ever hide his tender mercy from thee.

Awake therefore out of thy sleep of death, look well into thy lost estate, thou art now near unto making up the measure of thy sin, beyond which thou canst not pass: Thy God hath said to thee, as to the Sea, hitherto shalt thou goe, and here shalt thou stay thy proud waves. Think how suddainly thou maiest be called to thy last account, even this very hour, (for ought thou knowest) those cursed Spirits may convey thee to thy fiery Prison. O think how powerfully the wrath of God will then seize upon thee; how wofully thou wilt excruciate thy self, with apprehension of thy former folly and

and last of all, how wretchedly thou art for ever banisht from eternal joyes, to suffer with the damned in eternal torments: Let this move thee to amend thy wicked waies, to cry mightily to God for mercy, to judge thy self, to condemn thy self, that thou maiest not be judged of the Lord; to *Kiss the Son lest he be angry, and so thou perish from the right way: If his wrath be kindled yea, but a little, blessed are all they that put their trust in him. (Turn therefore) unto the Lord thy God (O my soul) for he is gracious, and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness, and repenteth him of the evil.*

Blessed Lord,

As an unfeigned sign of my repentance, in anguish of heart, and bitterness of soul, I earnestly desire to search into the secrets of my sinfull thoughts, to unbosom all my sins, and lay them open to the view of all thy Saints, that thou maiest have the glory, they the good, and I the shame of my confession: that so this penitent sense of mine iniquities (which I thankfully acknowledge cometh alone from thee) may be an evidence unto me, that thou wilt also give me pardon for them.

Lord, I willingly confess my self, to be a great and grievous sinner, mine original defiled, my birth polluted, mine infancy stained, my youth infected, my manhood corrupted, mine age besotted.

Mine imaginations vain, my thoughts sinful, my words wicked, mine actions abominable, my whole life a very sink of sin and all uncleanness.

When thy hand hath been heavy upon me, I have then promiſed thee amendment; when thy rod hath been taken off from me, I have again returned to mine evil courſes; this plainly ſheweth, that I have hitherto ſought but my ſelf in thee, and may therefore juſtly fear to be forſaken of thee.

I have been undutiful to thee my God, envious and uncharitable to my Neighbour, hypocritical to the world, deceitful to mine own ſoul.

My thoughts have been wanton, my deſires laſcivious, my actions unclean.

I have been blind to thy precepts, deaf to thy promiſes, dumb in thy praiſes, lame in thy ſervices, ſick at thine ordinances, dead to thy imbraces.

I have broken all my promiſes, I have ſlighted all thy threatnings, I have abuſed all thy mercies, I have rejected all thy favours, I have delayed my repentance, I have reſiſted the checks of mine own conſcience, I have quenched the motions of thy bleſſed Spirit, and turned thy grace into wantonneſs; and yet as if all this had been too little to condemn me, I have moſt daringly preſumed on thy mercie, and moſt ungraciouſly reſolved to go on in my impieties.

Lord, thou haſt promiſed to forgive thoſe that repent, to eaſe thoſe that are heavy laden, to raiſe up thoſe that are fallen, to ſatisfie thoſe that are hungry, and to bind up thoſe that are broken hearted.

O Lord my God, I earneſtlie deſire to repent, I am laden with a burthen inſupportable, I am feeble and ſore ſmitten with the terrors of thy Law, my fleſh trembleth, and my heart faineth; I am fallen into the verie mouth of hell, I am

ſorelie

ſorelie wounded with the remorſe of mine own accuſing conſcience, and hungrie for the ſweet refreſhings of thy ſaving grace.

Thou, O Lord, haſt made me ſenſible of this my great miſerie, and thou alone canſt make me capable of thy rich mercie; unto that mercie therefore I appeal, with ſighs in my ſoul, and ſorrow in my heart.

O thou which art the bleſſed fountain of all goodneſs, which deſireſt not the death of a ſinner, but rather that he ſhould repent and live, have mercy upon me.

O thou which art the Saviour of the world, which cameſt to ſeek, and to ſave thoſe which were loſt, have mercy upon me.

O holy, and for ever bleſſed Spirit, thou which feedeſt and refreſheſt the diſtreſſed ſouls of thine Elect, have mercy on me.

Let thy power (O bleſſed Father) ſupport my weakneſs; thy wiſdom (O bleſſed Son) ſupply my folly; thy love (O bleſſed Spirit) reſtrain my wilfulneſs; that as thou art eternally one, ſo I may for ever be at unity with thee, although moſt wofully divided in my ſelf.

Lord, as thou haſt given me a heart to pray unto thee, ſo give me alſo a ſoul to praiſe thee, and a ſerious reſolution to perform thoſe promiſes I make unto thee.

Lord ſweeten all my ſorrows by thy bleſſed ſufferings, inlarge my heart with thankfulneſs for thy manie favours, ſtrengthen my weak faith, reſtrain my rebellious nature, increaſe dailie in me the gifts and graces of thy bleſſed Spirit; indue me with a perfect hatred againſt all ſin; and grant, dear God, that daring and preſumptuous ſins maie never have dominion over me.

Amen.

CHAP.

CHAP. 14.

upon Quenching the motions of Gods holy Spirit.

CONsider, O my soul, from whence these happie thoughts arise; and wherefore, if they were from nature, they must needs savour of corruption, but now they are from Grace, they summon thee to goodness, they beckon thee to immortality: Thy God now calleth thee to repentance; he offers thee his gracious pardon for thy sin; his love, his protection, his peace; his grace, his glory: He now woeth thee to favour, and thou (a woful wretch) convicted by thine own accusing conscience, condemned by divine Justice, rebelliously rejectest all these gracious offers: Ah, what woful folly is this! nay rather what wilful madness! As there is a time of calling, so there will be a time of rejecting; the blessed wind of Gods holy Spirit bloweth but where it listeth; when it is once gone, thou knowest not whether it shall ever return: *God will have mercie on whom he will have mercie, and whom he will he hardneth*, Rom. 9. Ah wo be unto that soul whose time of calling is once past, a thousand worlds cannot redeem its loss. If thou wilt not now embrace these comfortable breathings of his tender love, thou shalt then endure the bitter storms of his incensed wrath.

If thou wilt not embrace his mercy, thou shalt exalt his Justice: *I called unto you* (saith God) *and ye refused to come, I held out my hand and ye would not look towards me; therefore will I forsake you in your extremity, when your fear*

cometh

cometh as desolation, and your destruction as a whirlwind, when distress and anguish cometh upon you; then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer, they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me. Prov. 1. 24, 27, 28.

Gods clemency and patience in this life will assuredly exasperate his fury, and revenge, in that to come; as his Mercy is unutterable, so his Justice is intolerable, both are his divine being, and therefore both must needs be infinite; both are to manifest his glory, and therefore both must be eternal.

From hence is that expression of Saint *Paul*, *It is a fearfull thing to fall into the hands of the living God*, Heb. 10. From hence it is that wicked men are left unto their own swing in this life, that they may be pay'd home with Gods wrath in that to come.

Let this teach thee, O my soul, to welcome these endeared motions of the gladding Spirit, to thirst for them, to rejoyce in them, to think no thought too dear to be dislodged for them.

Blessed Lord, I hear thee calling thy holy Apostle Saint *Peter*, and I see him readily forsaking all to follow thee; how often hast thou called me, a sinful wretch, by the sweet motions of thy blessed Spirit; and I have hitherto refused to forsake the very least of all my sins, for thy sake, who willingly forsookest all the pleasures of this life for mine? Long hast thou waited my repentance, but I have yet hated to be reformed. Mercy hath been offered, and I have not esteemed it, Judgement hath been threatned, and I have not regarded it? thou hast not only whispered unto me by thy gracious

ous visits of thy blessed Spirit, but thou hast even called me aloud, by thy divine hand of wholsom chastisement; By loss of friends, by loss of means, by loss of health, by loss of liberty, and (without thy rich mercy) by the great danger of that greater loss of thy Gospel, and thereby of thy gracious presence in this life, and thine eternal joys in that to come. All this my sins have justlie brought upon me, and yet for all this, my wretched heart desires to be a stranger to thee.

Lord, who am I that thou so graciously invitest unto mercy? Lord, what am I that now presume to speak unto thee? I am so deformed, and contemptible, that mine own knowledge cometh far short of mine own misery. O how justly mightst thou for ever leave me to my self, to eat the fruit of mine own wayes, and to be filled with the falshood of mine own devices, to possess sorrow, and inherit shame? But thou, O Lord, who art infinite in goodness, hast manifested to my sinful soul, that when I wretchedly forsake thee, thou readily forsakest all to follow me; when I run from thee, thou bewailest me; when miserie compels me to return, thou joyfullie receivest me, thou lovingly relievest me, thou then graciously accepteſt of me; And now, O Lord, when I have even wearied out thy mercy and compassion towards me, thou still inviteſt me to come unto thee.

To thee therefore, O thou blessed Shepheard of my soul, do I devote these penitent expressions: O let those tributary tears, which are due to thy sufferings, be now plentifully powred forth for mine own sins. Lord pardon my contempt of grace, and graci-

graciously enable me to entertain these happy visits of thy holy Spirit, and patiently to bear these sweet chastisements of thy heavenly hand, that I may have fellowship with Christ, and peace with God.

If thou Lord for the sins of my prosperity, shalt think it fit to bring upon me the miseries of adversity, for the great neglect of thy gracious visits, to deny me the sweet comforts of thy blessed answers, yet give me patience, and sure confidence to trust still in thy mercie, that so while I am not justly debarred of my longing desires, I may not be utterly deprived of thy loving favours.

Lord cast me not away from thy presence, O leave me not unto my self, lest I perish everlastingly; make me to see the richnes of thy love and favour towards me: Quicken the motions of thy blessed Spirit in me, renew my good thoughts, and fix them wholly upon heaven and heavenly things; Lord Jesus make me joyful in them, and for ever truly thankful for them.

Make me willing to enjoy thee, and ready to abandon all things for thee: Lord I now seek thee but I cannot find thee, I call upon thee but thou answerest me not: O kiss me with the kisses of thy mouth, for thy love is better than wine.

Lord let thy left hand support me, and thy right hand imbrace me, let be outwardly, and inwardly sustained by thee; my weakness by thy power, my rebellion by thine obedience, my folly by thy wisdom, my pollution by thy sanctification my faith by thy fruition; that I may be grieved for thine absence, delighted in thy presence, inamored with thy beautie, inriched with thy bountie, inflamed with thy love, adorned with thy graces, comforted

forted with thy consolation, incompast with thy glory. Amen.

CHAP. 15.

Upon the consideration of Gods peculiar Providence to his Children.

Lord,

NOthing can befall me in this life, without thy wise, and over-ruling providence; not so much as one hair of me can fall without thy allowance; for even my very hairs are numbred; as a Sparrow cannot fall to the ground, so neither a hair from mine head without thy sacred leave: And if thy blessed Providence protecteth these inferior creatures, if it extend it self even unto excrements, how much more safely doest thou guard the bodies, how much more tenderly the soules of thine Elect? Yet such is my stupiditie by nature, that I seldom look beyond the second causes; I usuallie content my self with casuals and contingencies, and often judge that meerly accidental, which sweetly moves by thy commands, to thine appointment and thy childrens good.

Thy Providence is eternal, thy provision in time; thou, O Lord, art infinitely wise, and canst therefore provide infinitely well, the end thou ordainest to thy self, the means to thy creature; good and bad are under thy protection; the good for themselves, the bad for others; both for thy glorie; the one thou willest to be happy, the other thou permittest to be miserable; neither of them can avoid their necessity of fate, and yet thou neither inclinest the

the one, not inforcest the other, because vnto both in their original thou gavest perfect freedome of will, to chuse the good, to leave the bad; to inherit life, or purchase death.

Blessed God, we are all debtors in our first Parents, thou maist therefore most justlie require that of us, which was lent us in them: They were able to pay, but not willing; we, their woful posterity (as we are in nature) are neither able nor willing; But by thy grace, Lord, we are onelie willing and not able; and thou hast therefore sent thine onelie Son, who was both freelie willing and fullie able, to appease thy Justice, to reconcile thy Mercy, to comfort us here, to crown us hereafter.

And now, Lord, having given us thy Son, how shalt thou not, together with him also, give us all things? and yet I often see thee giving of good things to the bad, and bad to the good: there is nothing more frequent in this life than the afflictions of thy children, nothing more common than the prosperitie of the wicked, they receive their good things in this life, I shall enjoy mine in that to come, when I shall be comforted, and they tormented. Thou, O Lord, art righteous in all thy waies, and holie in all thy works? thou loadest them with thine outward blessings, for their outward obedience; thou denyest me these outward favours, for mine inward advantage; by the one they are left inexcusable, by the other I am made more conformable; my patience exercised, my faith tried, my love examined, my humilitie proved; all these are special tokens of thy mercie towards me; for as grace increaseth here, so shall glorie hereafter.

Lord,

Lord, what can he fear that is assured of thy favour? that knoweth assuredly, that all these outward things shall work together for the best to his advantage? If *Joseph* be thrown into the Pit, it is to send him into *Egypt*; if into Prison, to prefer him to *Pharoah*, that so Corn may be sent into *Canaan*; if Satan be sent to tempt *Job* with afflictions, it is because *Job* shall overcome Satan by patience; if holy *David* become a sad spectacle of humane frailty by sinning, it is to make him a pattern of true piety in repenting; if the bodies of the Saints be grievously martyr'd in this life, it is to array them with glorious robes in that to come.

Lord, let this teach me joyfullie to entertain the saddest of events, which either thy wisdome, mans unrighteousnes, or Satans cruelty, can bring upon me; to be patient under them, and thankful for them; to ransack my soul, and search diligently there, for what sin thou sendest this sorrow, to bewail it, abhor it, forsake it, and earnestly implore thy pardon for it: When I am thus happily resolved, I shall then have that undaunted boldnes, to say with holy *Job*, *Although thou killest me, yet will I trust in thee*; with holy *David*, *Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, yet will I fear none evil, for thou Lord art with me*, and with the blessed Apostle, that *I know assuredlie, that the sufferings of this life shall work for me a far greater and more exceeding weight of glorie*, in that to come.

To thee therefore, O thou blessed Guardian of my sinful soul, and wretched body, do I addresse my self for safetie and protection.

I confeſs, O Lord, there is no one minute of my whole life can be ſafe without thy gracious providence, and yet ſo wretched have I been, that few or none of them have been devoted to thy ſervice.

Lord, I am not worthy of the leaſt of all thy mercies, and of all thy truth thou haſt afforded me; even the verie beſt of all my actions hath juſtly merited the very worſt of all thy puniſhments, and yet thou daily loadeſt me with thy bleſſings, although I hourlie ſin againſt thee, by my great tranſgreſſions.

Forgive me my unmindfulneſs of theſe thy mercies, my great unthankfulneſſe for all thy favours, and fix my ſinful ſoul more willinglie, more joyfullie, more ferventlie, more conſtantlie, in thy ſervices.

Teach me to keep a catalogue of thy mercies, to let none paſſe without a thankful and devout acknowledgement; to ſet ſome daies apart from the year, ſome hours from each daie, to praiſe thee for them.

Forgive the pride of my proſperitie, my carelefneſs of thee, my coldneſs unto thine, my croſsneſs unto others, my crueltie to my ſelf.

Lord pardon my repinings in adverſitie, my diſtaſte of thy power, my diſtruſt of thy providence, my denial of thy wiſdome, my refuſal of thy love, my contempt of thy favour, my neglect of thy grace, my deſpair of thy goodneſs.

O give me ſuch a bleſſed frame of heart, that I may chearfullie and joyfullie content my ſelf, to walk in whatſoever paths thy bleſſed providence ſhall lead me to: O hold thou up my going in thoſe paths, that my feet ſlip not; teach me to make a gracious and a ſweet improvement of

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these outward crosses, a blessed and a wise advantage of thine inward graces: Lord lead me by thy counsel here, and afterwards receive me to thy glory. Amen.

CHAP. 16.

upon sinful Anger, and the great disturbance thereof.

Lord,

WHen I consider of thy patience, and long-suffering towards me, a miserable sinner, of the lowlinesse of thy Saints, and the great humility and meeknesse of my Saviour in his sufferings, I much deplore the wofull weaknesse of mine own infirmities, and more admire the richnesse of thy goodnesse, in admitting me to speak unto thee.

What pleasure, Lord, canst thou take in the service which is all sin? how canst thou delight in that which thou abhorrest? thou are a God of pure eyes, and canst not behold iniquity; if all my righteousnes be in thy sight as filthy rags and menstruous clothes, how full of ugliness and deformity will my sins then appear before thee?

Ah Lord, thou hast often seen how easily, how suddenlie, how wretchedlie, I have been swallowed up of sinfull passion; how I have violated that invaluable peace which thou hast given me, by revengefull thoughts, by despightfull words, by disturbing actions: I know nothing in my corrupt nature, but to know myself miserable; I see nothing in this misery, but terrour and confusion, affliction to my body

destruction to my soul; all occurrences of this life should have rather added to my growth of grace, than disturbance of nature: I have hitherto been grossly mistaken, in calling that a defect of my body, which is in truth an error in my soul: Nature was at first created pure, no disobedience was then in the passions, Man hath married it by his Fall; all the streams that are now troubled flow from this fountain; this barren excuse therefore is so far from lessening sin, that it makes it bigger. I am now so much the more stained by committing actual sin, as I should have been more holy, and am not, since original.

Lord, let this teach me to do truly with my soul, to uncloath my self of all sinful excuses, that so sin may appear truly what it is, and may become out of measure sinful; that mine anger may be holy, my Application of it happy, that nothing may disturb me but sin; that I may be a Lyon in thy Cause, a Lamb in mine own; that when I hate the sin, I may love the person; when I rebuke the offence, I may pray earnestly for the offender; so shall I zealously enjoy thee my God, religiously embrace my neighbour, patiently possess mine own soul.

And now, Lord, as thou hast given me an heart to confess my sins of impatience before thee, so give me a sweet assurance in my Saviour, that by him I have assured pardon for them.

If thou Lord for my sinful Anger shall inflict upon me thy severe wrath, and for my long continuing in my sins, the long duration of thy punishments; yet let not thy severity exceed the measure of my Christian charity; though thou con-

continuest my miſeries, yet withdraw not thy mercies, O make me more and more humble unto thee my God, and more and more meek amongſt thy children; conform me to that bleſſed pattern of true piety and patience; that as a ſheep in thy hands (my bleſſed Shearer) ſo I may be dumb, and not open my mouth againſt thee.

Lord, Baniſh from me all deſires of revenge; let Patience have its perfect work, to quiet me here, and Crown me hereafter.

I confeſs my ſelf to be a great and grievous ſinner, and yet I am thy creature; my Bodie is thine, and my ſoul is thine, both were joined in the creation, and both joined in my devotion; both have ſinned againſt the, O let them both be humbled before thee, not to ſatisfie thy Juſtice but to implore thy Mercie; not to merit thy Grace but to magnifie thy goodneſs.

Lord make me trulie ſenſible of the greatneſs of thy miſerie, that I may the more devoutlie, the more ſincerelie, ſue to thee for mercie: Forgive the many violent eruptions of my ſinful paſſions, give me a meek and humble ſpirit, that I may happilie enjoie thy preſence, and mine own Content. Lord grant that I may patientlie and joyfullie imbrace the wrongs and injuries of this life for thy ſake, who haſt been patient even to death for mine.

Let that be made eaſie unto me by thy grace which by nature is impoſſible, that nothing may delight me but thy love, nothing grieve me but thy diſpleaſure, nothing offend me but thy dishonour. Amen.

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CHAP. 17.

upon mans inordinate love to the Creature.

WO is me that I am constrained to live in *Meshech*, and to dwell in the tents of *Kedar*; wo is me that I was conceived in sin, that I was born in sin, and that I have so long been captive to the power of sin: How vain am I, how wretched, to beguile my self of rest and quietness? O how unworthy to defile my Marriage vows, to prostitute my love to these unclean and false embraces, of a sinful world, to dig unto my self these broken Cisterns of impure and empty joys, and to forsake those living waters of eternal life: O woful cateif, if I well consider what I am; but far more woful, If I seriously consider what I should

Lord, when I was in my blood, thou saidst unto me, live; when I was cast out, and none eye pittied me, then thou hadst mercy on me; when I was naked thou clothedst me, when I was wounded thou healest me; nay more, Lord, thou didst uncloath thy self for me, and by thy wounds I am healed; when I was loathsom in mine own eyes, I was beautiful in thine, and when all this is not yet enough to manifest thy wonderful compassions towards me, thou feedest me at thine own Table, thou lodgest me in thine own bosom, thou maked me partaker of thine own inheritance.

Blessed God, what couldst thou have done more for me that thou hast not done? And yet

for all this I forsake thee, I neglect thee, I abuse thee, I adulterate those many vows and promises I made unto thee. And now, Lord, when I am even ashamed to present my self before thee, when my false heart hath been so grea a stranger to thy blessed bosom, that I am eve afraid to kneel to thee for mercy; thou graciously forgivest me, thou bemoanest my sin, tho hidest my shame, thou makest love unto me, an (to the wonder of my soul) delightest still t see thy love upon me.

Thou, O my blessed Saviour, hast told me that if I were of this world, it would love me but now I am not of this World, that th World hateth me: Lord, what madne is this in me to love mine utter enemy? to d light in her bosom, which huntеth for m precious life? to forsake thee, the pleasant Li ly of the Vallies, the sweet Refreshments of E ternity, to weary out, and wound my soul mongst the Bryars of this barren Wilderne Thou Lord, hast said unto me, Arise my Lo my Fair one, and come away; thou invitest m from the showers and tempests of a stormy Wi ter, from the cares and troubles of a discont ted life, to the sweet dews of thy graces, t gentle breathing of thy Spirit, the tender bu of thy love, the lovely blossoms of thy goo nes, the pleasant fruit of thy promises, t joyful crop of thy performances; And notwi standing all this I still cry, yet a little m sleep, yet a little more slumber, yet a lit more folding of the hands together; yet a li more sin, yet a little more shame, yet a li more sorrow.

Ah, Lord, what is there in the creature, t

thus ſtrangely bewitcheth me? or rather what is there not in it, that is not every minute ready to betray me, and deſpoil me of thoſe precious ornaments of ſoul which thou haſt given me; the cares and croſſes of this life afflict me, the pleaſures before me, the Prophets diſturb me, pride puffeth me up, and even mine own heart deceiveth me, by calling good evil, and evil good; by making that ſweet in the expectation, which is better in the fruition: Lord while I have ſought the creature, I have loſt my ſelf, my body in diſtempers, my ſoul in diſtractions.

That precious Faith which is the ground of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not ſeen, whoſe end is the ſalvation of my ſoul, which is thy gift who art the God of truth, is now drowned in a ſea of error, and juſtly given up to believe dreams and deluſions, and doctrines of Devils; to truſt wholly in vanity, and to follow after lying.

That ſaving knowledge, by which I was formerly enlightned in thy ſacred Truths, is now blinded with the foggy miſts of ſin and ignorance: This, Lord, is my great aggravation, and juſt condemnation, that light is come into the world, and I have loved darkneſs better than light.

That glorious hope which maketh not aſhamed, but expecteth an inheritance eternal in the heavens, which fadeth not away, is now become a vain and empty hope, delighted with ſin, rewarded with ſhame.

Thoſe bleſſed affections by which my happy ſoul was wont to walk in thy waies, and to delight it ſelf in thy commands, are now wea-

ried out in waies of wickedneſs; and that heart which hath ſo often promiſed obedience unto thee, and thy Laws, hath now forſaken thee the living God, and hath made a covenant with Death and Hell.

Thus am I robbed and ſpoiled of all, and am become poor, and wretched, and blind, and naked, and miſerable; my whole head is ſick, and my whole heart is faint; I have ſown in in iniquity, and muſt reap in affliction; I am intoxicated with the wine of Errour, that ſtings me like a Serpent, and bates me like a Cockatrice, and yet when I awake (ſuch is the ſadneſs of my preſent condition) I ſay, I will ſeek it yet ſtill.

Lord, he that is once out of thy path, knoweth not the length of his journey, and may well fear to loſe himſelf for ever.

And now, Lord, what is my hope? truly my hope is even in thee; thou ſeeſt my weakneſs, and acceptеſt my willingneſs: thou that knoweſt it impoſſible that the world ſhould be overcome by me, biddeſt me be of good comfort, becauſe thou (Lord) haſt overcome the world for me; if I fight not againſt thee, though I am often foiled, yet I am more than conqueror in thee.

O let this teach me joyfully to rely upon thee, to make thee the height of my joy, the end of my deſires, the only happy and eternal object of my ſinful ſoul: Lord, I heartily deſire thee, I thankfully embrace thee, and do for ever vow my ſoul and body to thee.

Suffer me not to wander from thy bleſſed preſence, let me not longer dally nor diſſemble with my ſoul; O let me not think that I the

love thee, when I love but my ſelf in thee; make me now at laſt to know thoſe bleſſed things that belong to my peace, leſt they be for ever hid from mine eyes.

Lord, by thy rich mercy I can now plainly ſee the vanity and emptineſs of all theſe earthly objects, the folly and miſery of thoſe that reſt in them, the reſt and quietneſs of thoſe that caſt relye upon them; in this tranſitory beauty of the Creature, I can now behold the raviſhing perfections of the great Creator.

Lord, I now exceedingly deſire to know thee, that I may for ever love thee, that I may be ſick of love till I enjoy thee, that I may joyfully reſt in thee, and be eternally united to thee.

For thou, Lord, art infinitely ſweeter than the ſweetneſſe of thy Creatures, they are all but emptineſſe and vanitie, but in thy preſence is the fulneſſe of joy, and at thy right hand there are pleaſures for evermooe.

O thou bleſſed Fountain of eternal goodneſſe, forgive me mine offences, cover my ſins, and fix my ſoul upon the ſweetneſſe of thy heavenly joyes and give conſtancie and ſteadineſſe of heart, to cleave unto thee, and for thy mercy ſake remove all vain deſires that may betraie me from thee.

O thou bleſſed Saviour of my ſinful ſoul, by whoſe perfect obedience all my diſobedience is forgiven me, who haſt given thy ſelf for me, and to me, give me alſo unfeigned repentance, that I may heartily bewail the ſinfulneſſe of my life paſt, that I may make a gratious improvement of my life preſent, and faithfully perform the vows and promiſes which I make unto thee, for the

short remainder of my life to come.

O blessed and eternal Comforter of all those sinful souls that put their trust in thee, give me a sweet and full assurance of thy love in Christ; withdraw my wretched heart from vanitie, inflame it with an earnest and affectionate desire to thee; open mine eyes, that I maie see some glimps of thy celestial joies prepared for me; make me often to think of them, earnestlie to long for them, and readilie and chearfullie to part with all these earthlie pleasures to enjoie them.

Lord make me able to encounter and withstand the strong assaults of Satan, and this evil world; give me thy saving grace, and take from me what thou wilt; without thy blessed presence, all those outward joies are wearinesse, and emptinesse; without thee, even life it self is bitternesse unto me; without thy love I ask it not of thee, yea I rather beg thee (Lord) to take it from me, that so I maie be joyfullie released from the bondage of a sinful bodie, that I maie love thee with a pure and spotless soul, that all mine imperfections maie be done awaie, that so I may securelie dwell with thee, in perfect holinesse, and endlesse happinesse. Amen.

CHAP. 18.

upon the sin of Uncleanneſſe, with encouragement to avoid it.

COnsider, O my soul, in what a blessed relation thou now standest to thy God; thou hast lately grieved for thy sins, and God hath also graciously accepted of thy sorrow, and thou art now at peace and union with him; ho

holy Spirit is thy Comforter, his holy Providence thy Guide, his holy Angels thy Guardians, his holy Saints thine Assistants; the Creatures without thee are at league and union with thee, and thy Conscience within thee is a continual feast unto thee: while thus thou continuest, thy safety is inviolable, thy joy unutterable, thy peace unalterable.

Who can express the blessedness of this condition? how ravishing is this reviving presence of the gladding Spirit, by which thou art sustained sweetly here, by which thou shalt be joyfully refresht hereafter!

Wilt thou now lose all this (O my Soul) for this false, this foul, this momentany pleasure? wilt thou lodge this beastly sin, where thou now lodgest thy Redeemer? Consider how vain it is, how bitter it will be; think how many sad thoughts, how many aking hearts, how many wounding sighs, this fall of thine will cost thee; what distempers of body, what disturbances of soul, what unquietness of sleep, what checks of conscience, what inward sadnesse in thy greatest merriment, and (which is worst of all) what a fearful apprehension of Gods wrath in this life, and woful expectation of judgement, and suffering of extremity of pains in Hell for ever.

Let not the vain hope of Gods mercy flatter thee; for while he is merciful, he will be just, yea his mercy shall provoke his justice; if his patience and long-suffering do not lead thee into timely repentance, his wrath and fury shall surely lead thee out to greater condemnation.

If custome perswade thee, let custome also re-

reclaime thee; if thy flesh murmur, thy spirit will rejoyce: O how happy wilt thou find this opposition! how glorious this victory! even but one blessed thought of amendment, is of more value than an age of sin.

Holy Saint *Augustine*, who was wont to nourish his lascivious flesh, and thought it then impossible to live without the lustful kisses of his *Roman Dames*, when once he had but relished the ravishing embraces of eternity, brake forth into this sweet and most divine expressions, *How truly sweet is the losse of this earthly sweetnesse! those transitory joies which I was formerlie afraid to lose, I now rejoice to banish; it was thou, O Lord, who didst thrust them out; it is thou, O Lord, who are entred in, who art sweeter than all sweetnesse, &c.*

Lord let this example move me to a blessed imitation of this blessed Saint, to take heed of holding conference with Satan, to labour to repell the very first motions to sin; if I delight in his discourse, I shall soon consent to his counsel; if he feel me resist I shall find him give ground. Lord let me remember what I fight for, and follow my advantage with courage and successe, that when my daies of warfare shall determine, I may say with joy and comfort, with thy blessed Apostle, *I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith, I have finished my course, from henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousnes, which the Lord the righteous Judge shall give me at that day, and not unto me onelie, but unto all those that love, and expect the day of his appearing*, 2 Tim. 4. 7,8.

Lord,

Lord,

Thou hast often seen the weakness of thy sinfull servant, how willingly, how wretchedly I have been yeelding to the false allurements of my sinful flesh; how basely I have given ground, even upon the very first assault, without desire of resistance, without care of repentance.

I have hitherto been so far from sorrowing for this sin, that I have much delighted in it, and often grieved thee, my God, in framing of excuses for it.

Blessed God, how rich is that peace which I enjoy by thee, how glorious that hope which I possess in thee, how wonderful that mercy I obtain from thee? and yet how carelesly, how coldly, have I parted from thee? Lord forgive what is past, restrain what is present, prevent what is to come: O let me enjoy no sweetness but in thee, who art nearer to me than I can be to my self, who art sweeter to me than the sweetness of those earthly pleasures.

O give me such a blessed frame of heart, such Angel-like integrity of soul, that my thoughts may be chast, my desires holy, my words gratious, my actions good.

Give me a double portion of thy blessed Spirit, that I may double my obedience to thy sweet commands, that I may taste the comforts of my heavenly joyes, and utterly abhor the false allurements of this sinful world.

Let the sweet showres of thy distilling graces allay these motions of concupiscence, extinguish these devouring flames of lust, that I may constantlie and happily oppose this darling sin to my last hour, and joyfully triumph with thee for ever. Amen.

CHAP. 19.

upon immoderate Mirth, and the sinful inconveniencies thereof.

Lord,

IF I were this day to dye; If thou shouldest now say unto me, Give an account of thy Stewardship, for thou shalt be no longer Steward; if my Audit were at this instant to be given up, and all mine actions this present hour to be accounted for, how sadly should I look upon that lost time which hath been spent in sin? how many vain *Items* must needs appear to my deserved shame, and endless sorrow? So many minutes wasted in unclean and wanton cogitations; so many dayes and nights in frivolous and idle discourse; so many weeks, and moneths, and years, in vain and sinful actions: How full of horror and confusion would this Account appear, even to mine own eies; With what face should I dare present it unto thine? What would I not now give to purchase but some small respite to redeem this woful waste, this vain expence of time? What serious vows, and faithful promises should I now make of amendment? What constant hours would be now dedicated to thy service? my whole life would now seem too little to bewail my folly, to redeem my loss.

O what madness is it then, while I have dayes of mercy, to despise them, to abuse them, to be utterly neglective of them? What is it, Lord, that I so eagerly pursue? Even the very heighth of all mine outward happiness, is but

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a short crackling of thorns, a sudden blaze, which may seem to warm me, but can never throughly heat me; Wo be to that soul for ever, that can find no refreshment but in this momentany fire; If thy Grace, Lord, cannot warm me, thy Glory will not comfort me.

There can be no true joy but in godly sorrow; *The heart of the wise is in the house of mourning, the heart of fools in the house of mirth*, Eccl. 7. 6. The luxurious Wanton may be carnally joyful, but the penitent Christian is cordially merry.

There is no better trial of this truth (Lord) than from thine own mouth, who wert a man of sorrows; thou, O Lord, hast told me, That I shall weep, but the world shall rejoice; that I shall sorrow, but my sorrow shall be turned into joy, and my joy shall no man take from me *John* 16. 20.

Deceive not thy self therefore (O my soul) for if thou walkest too far in this enticing path, thou art out of thy way to Heaven; and thou must go so far in it as to lose thy self, and by a customary freedom of thy Christian liberty, soon find so great an indisposition unto God, and goodness, that unless the blessed Shepherd of thy soul vouchsafe to find thee, by his saving Grace, it is improbable, nay it is impossible that thou shouldst ever return.

Canst thou be so senseless to believe that thou art Christs Disciple, when thou wilt not bear his Cross? Did ever any of his followers enjoy Heaven without violence? without beating down their bodies? without cherishing their souls? without much weeping, fasting, praying, sighing,

ing, groaning for their sins? without being crucified unto the world, and the world unto them? without checking and controlling their unruly lusts? without utterly forsaking all this earthly trash? and joyfullie accounting it as loss and dung to possess Christ?

Look upon the Prophets, Apostles, Martyrs, Virgins, Fathers of the Church, and all the blessed company of Saints, in all times, places, Ages of the world, and thou shalt find them all to use this world as if they used it not; quietlie, sparinglie, soberly; *Isaac* at his evening devotion in the solitary fields, *Elijah* at his privare *Carmel*, the *Baptist* in the desart, St. *Paul* in his desires out of the body, and with Christ, holy *Simeon* in his Pillar, Saint *Jerome* in his Cave; all of them and innumerable more of Gods Saints, were true *Benonies*, sons of sorrow and affliction.

Lord, with how much fervour, and alacrity of soul, did these thy blessed ones pursue thy heavenlie joies? what sharp combats had they to overcome themselves? And if such chosen and select vessels as these, have had such great strivings, such powerfull conflicts with their sinful bodies? what will become of me? that have obeyed sin in the lusts thereof, that can find no pleasure but in follie, no laughter but in madness.

Consider therefore, O my soul, whilst thou hast yet time, that there is no truer character of a graceless heart, than prophane mirth; thou art too ready to believe, that God is merciful, that all thy sins may be forgiven thee in a moment; that the good Thief was saved at the last hour, and that therefore thou maist still go

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on in wickedneſs. God indeed is alwaies readie to ſhew mercie, but it is onelie unto thoſe that are readie to repent: And how knoweſt thou whether God will accept thee in that hour? Whether he may not, whether he will not, then withdraw his ſaving grace from that ſinful ſoul, which hath ſo long withdrawn it ſelf from his ſervice: This is that which thy bleſſed Saviour telleth thee, *Not everie one which crieth Lord, Lord, ſhall enter into the Kingdom of heaven, but he that doth the will of my Father which is in heaven*, Math. 7. 21.

And leſt perhaps that one example of the dying Penitent may flatter thee, conſider of the time, the place, the manner of his ſtrange converſion: *This was aſſuredlie* (ſaith St. *Auguſtine*) *to manifeſt the power and Godhead of a dying Saviour, and that upon the rare confeſſion of an Infidell, and that at ſuch a time when all the world forſook him, and even his own Diſciples either doubted, or denied his Godhead.*

Alaſs, how little comfort canſt thou now reap from this example? how ſhould it rather affright thee, to ſee but one ſoul amongſt ſo many millions, to obtain mercy at the laſt hour, and that upon ſuch weighty circumſtances? on what a weak foundation doeſt thou build thy hopes of happineſs? how eaſily will that devouring ſtorm of thine accuſing conſcience ruin it? and then how great the fall will be, the fearful horror of thy loſt eſtate will wofully expreſs.

Lord, let this teach me to redeem thoſe precious hours which I have loſt: O let each wanton thought, each idle word, be monitors to tell me how my Audit ſtands with heaven. I can ſpeak nothing, I can do nothing, which I

can recal; each circumstance of sin is charged in mine account, and must be reckoned for: how careful should this make me of the expense of that time that is recorded for eternity? Thou, O Lord, art holiness it self, thy Saints and Angels are holy, and thy children must be holy; nothing but holiness can inherit heaven, no unclean pleasure, no impure joy shall enter there; How can I ever hope to be an inhabitant of that holy City, whose heavenlie language I cannot speak?

And now, Lord, seeing these things are thus, by thine assisting grace, I seriously resolve to allow my self no pleasure in this life, but what is sanctified with moderation; because I clearlie see, these outward pleasures to be onelie so far useful unto me, as by them I am made more serviceable unto thee: Moderate my honest repast, set an edge upon my soul, and makes it more earnest, more active in devotion, when I take up pleasure as a trade, I become a Traytor to my body, a Tyrant to my soul.

Lord, I am now heartilie in love with heaven, and grudge at that hours liberty in outward merriment, that maketh not the next more eager of mine inward comfort; There is no sweetness but in goodness, and there is no goodness in that mirth which is not subordinate to this sweetness: Christian libertie may be easilie mistaken, and become licentious wickedness, there is often-times most danger in those things which seem most necessarie, if not used with moderation.

And now Lord, having seriously considered what time is, and wherefore, I admire the folly, and lament the miserie of all those whose

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onelie aim is to miſ-ſpend it: My daies are few, and full of evil, O let my greateſt care be to husband my time well; I have much buſineſs, and great, to diſpatch, and I know not whether this dayes light may be my laſt; Mine eternity of joy or ſorrow, hath its dependance on this ſhort moment: If I think upon it ſeriouſly, I ſhall grudge to ſpend one minute vainly: Lord, there is no diſtinction of time with thee; one day with thee is as a thouſand years and a thouſand years as one day, O let me ſeriouſly conſider, that with me there is, that I muſt work while it is called to day, that mine hours are ſwift and ſhort, that the night of death cometh, when I cannot work; that the end of all things cometh, when time ſhall be no more: By thy grace therefore I will piouſly devote the remnant of my life to holy duties, ſo ſhall mine age of ſin be nothing in thy ſight; and one day well ſpent (in thy remembrance) as a thouſand years.

Bleſſed Lord,

wilt thou accept of ſuch a ſinful creature as I am to appear before thee, to approach unto thee, to ſue to thee for mercy? How bold am I to look up unto thee with theſe adulterous eyes, that have ſo long been gazing on theſe earthly joies? how much preſuming on thy mercy, to implore thee with that tongue, that hath ſo much provoked thy diſpleaſure? how impudent to offer that diſloyal heart unto thee, that hath ſo faſt been wedded to this ſinful world?

Lord, when mine own wretchedneſs had brought thy gracious viſitation on me, when thy hand preſſed me ſore, when thine arrows ſtuck faſt

fast in me, and the venome of them drank up my spirits; when my heart was in heavines, and my soul in bitternis, when my life was drawing near unto the grave, when mine own conscience pleaded powerfully against me, and the terrors of a second death were ready to devour me; I then earnestly implored thee for mercy, and thou freely forgavest me; I then begged my life of thee, that I might thankfully devote the remnant of my life unto thee.

Ah Lord, how wretchedly hath mine own heart deceived me; what serious vows, and faithful promises did I then make unto thee? and yet, how carelesly, how foolishly am I departed from thee? how vainly have I trifled out that precious time which thou hast given me? how justly maist thou now deprive me of this wretched life, by which I have so much dishonoured thee?

And now, Lord, when I have even wearied out my self in wickednes, when my soul is overcharged with sin, and my heart with sorrow; when the vanitie of this life is readie to forsake me, and there is nothing left but miserie and shame to seize upon me; I have not yet resolved seriously to come unto thee.

Lord, leave me not unto the weakness of mine own infirmities, expose me not unto the raging billows of these strong temptations, suffer me not to sink into this depth of sin, to be destroyed by this dreadful storm of Satan, and mine own accusing conscience; rebuke these winds and waves, and cause a blessed calm within me, reach out thy hand of mercie, and support me; strengthen my drooping soul, that I maie joyfully, and faithfully lay hold upon thee: give me a fixed heart,

that

that I may seriously return unto thee, and may this hour be graciously accepted of thee.

Lord wean me from the false imbraces of this evil world, turn all these sinful joies to bitterness unto me, make me to see their foulnesse and deformity, their emptinesse and vanitie, their shortnesse and uncertaintie, their falshood and flattery, their wearinesse and misery.

O let my heart be filled, let my soul be ravished with those transcendent joyes of thine which are for ever, give me a joyful soul to rest securely in them, a ready heart devoutly thankful for them.

Lord moderate my desires to outward injoyments; let me relish no sweetnesse but in thy love, no goodnesse but in thy grace, no comfort but in the full assurance of thy glory.

Forgive those wretched hours which have been stoln from thy service: O Lord, my God, I heartilie bewail them, and willinglie resolve to spend my daies in sorrow for them.

Make me more watchful over my corrupt heart, more careful of my precious time, more serious in the weighty work of my salvation; more sorrowful for sin, more mindful of the hour of death and day of judgement: That so I may affect the pleasures of this life soberly, enjoie them sparinglie, and leave them chearfullie. Amen.

CHAP.

CHAP. 20.

Upon the great danger of deferring the hour of repentance.

Consider, O my soul, of the great danger of delaying thy repentance; of judging that so easie, which will prove so difficult; of thinking that almost finisht, which is scarce yet begun; Believest thou it will suffice thee to have some transitory thoughts of thine amendment, to have perhaps some pinching sighs, some stings of conscience, some shews of sorrow for thy sins; to hang down thy head like a bulrush for a day, and yet afterwards to return with the dog to thy filthy vomit, and with the sow to the wallowing in the nasty mire of sin: While thou continuest in this course, thy hopes of amendment are extream doubtful, of reconciliation dangerous, of repentance desperate.

If ever thou hopest to inherit heaven, let not Satan thus delude thee; look well into thine evil and corrupt heart, and thou shalt there find, that this is not the cure, but the disease of sin; that thou grievest not for thine offence, but for thy punishment; that thou mayest yet go much farther in this supposed path of thy repentance, and still be far short of that sincerity of heart which God requireth of thee, and yet have no part nor fellowship in Christ: Thou mayst with *Saul* express thy sorrow with thy tears; with those Believers in the Gospel, receive the word with joy; with *Demas*, shew thine inward grace by thine outward obedience; and in some sort be made partaker of the Ho-

Holy Ghoſt, and have a taſte of the good things of the world to come; and yet for all this, come far ſhort of this unfeigned work of true repentance. Alaſs, what can it profit thee to bewail that ſin which thou wilt not forgo? what reward canſt thou expect for that obedience which ſo ſoon fainteth? what comfort in that joy which is but temporary.

Remember how great a work thou haſt in hand, how many millions of loſt ſouls complain eternally in hell of this neglect; O look into the foulneſs of thy ſin, and then into the truneſs of thy ſorrow: If thou art Gods child, thou wilt be grieved far offending ſo good a Father; thou wilt abhor that ſin that hath ſo much provoked his diſpleaſure, thou wilt moſt ſolemnly proteſt againſt it, and ſeriouſly reſolve for ever to avoid it; thy ſin will be ever before thee, to humble thee here, to exalt thee hereafter.

Thy degrees of ſin will have thy degrees of ſorrow; thy meaſure of pollution will require thy meaſure of ſanctification: As thou haſt given up thy members to be ſervants of ſin, ſo thou muſt now yeeld them up to be weapons of righteouſneſs; as thou haſt been drowned in pleaſure, ſo thou muſt be drencht in tears; yea thoſe tears will be thy daily food, to nouriſh thee in grace, to enrich thee in glory.

O how truly bleſſed is that ſoul, which hath unfeignedly reſolved on this good, this great, this neceſſary work? that can cheerfully and joyfully expreſs it ſelf with holy *David*, and ſay, *Lord, I am bowed down greatly, I go mourning all the day long, I have roared out for very anguiſh and unquietneſs of heart.* If thou haſt *David's* ſorrow (o my ſoul) thou ſhalt aſſuredly have

David's

Davids joy, thou ſhalt ſay with him alſo, *Lord, I am thy child, and the ſon of thine handmaid, thou haſt broken my bonds in ſunder*, Pſal. 116.16. Satan may now tempt thee, and through thy frailty and infirmity prevail againſt thee; but to become a cuſtomer to evil, the powers of hell cannot entice thee; a thouſand worlds are not now of that value with thee, as the joyful remembrance of thy paſſed dangers, thy preſent comfort, thy future ſafety.

Thou haſt now ſeen (O my ſoul) how abſolutely neceſſary this great work is; think now how happy will be the performance, how full of danger the delay: the longer thou continueſt in ſin, the more remote thou art from grace; What extream folly is this in thee, to deprive thy ſelf of that friend, of whom thou haſt moſt need? If thou findſt thy ſelf ſo backward to this holy duty now, how averſe wilt thou be hereafter, when ſin is more deeply rooted in thee, the devil in more firm poſſeſſion of thee, and God himſelf removed further off from thee?

From whence now are theſe falſe hopes, theſe vain promiſes of future happineſs? how dareſt thou refuſe theſe gracious offers of eternity? how full of doubtfulneſs and extream hazard is this falſe aſſurance of that holy Spirit, which thou haſt ſo often grieved? Be not deceived, God is not mocked; look what a man ſoweth, even that ſhall he reap; he that ſoweth in the fleſh, ſhall reap corruption; he that ſoweth in the Spirit, life everlaſting: If thou wilt not hear Gods call in this life, he will not hear thine in that to come; if thou wilt not mourn for thy ſins here, thou ſhalt howl for them for ever.

And

And who ſhall then have pity upon thee? or who ſhall be ſorry for thee? or who ſhall pray for thy peace? thou haſt abandoned me (ſaith God) thou haſt gone from me, and now will I ſtretch out my hand againſt thee to deſtroy thee. Jerem. 15. 5. 6.

Lord, let this teach me to deal truly with my ſelf, to ſearch narrowly for ſin, timely for ſorrow, and ſpeedily for pardon. *Seek the Lord, O my ſoul, while he may be found, for in the great water-floods* (of his eternal wrath) *thou ſhalt not come nigh him.*

Lord,

I have ſinned, and I deſire to repent; I have lain long feſtering in the grave of ſin, and cannot be now raiſed without a miracle.

I have ſinned in delight, in conſent, in action in cuſtom, in long continuance of cuſtom; without remorſe of conſcience, without thought of repentance: I am grown old and impudent in ſin, and am no more worthy to be called thy child.

Lord, I am become loathſom to my ſelf, how much more odious unto thee, who art a God of pure eyes, and canſt behold none iniquitie.

I have ſinned againſt thee, I cannot repent but by thee, my tranſgreſſion is active, my obedience paſſive, I can no more ariſe from ſin than death, even this deſire of ſorrow is from thee; the repair of my corruption in the work of thy creation, when thou haſt raiſed me by thy grace, thou ſupporteſt me by thy goodneſs, thou leadeſt me by thy providence, thou draweſt me by thy patience, thou compelleſt me by thy power.

Such is my weakneſs, ſuch is my feebleneſs by

nature,

nature, that I cannot rise without thee, that I cannot stand without thee, when I am raised by thee; such is my strength, such is my ability by grace, that I am able to go with thee, that I am joyful to run after thee.

Lord quicken and revive me from the death of sin, and grave of misery, sustain my wounded conscience, with the sweetness of thy saving promises; let thy patience and long-suffering lead me into repentance, thy holy Spirit unto perfect holiness, and endless happiness.

Lord Jesus draw me, and I shall joyfully run after thee; my body in obedience to my soul, my soul and body in obedience to thy blessed will, more zealously more willingly, more constantly to my lives end. Amen.

CHAP. 21.

upon Servile fear, and the danger thereof.

NO child can fear his Father as he ought that is not jealous of his Fathers honour that is not feelingly affected with his injuries and zealously devoted to perpetuate his praise; and it is as equally impossible that the father can affect that son, whose obedience is rather enforced by power, then inuited by affection.

If this be so in nature, it is much more so in Grace; for thou, O Lord, art now a double father to me, thou art my Father by creation and my Father by redemption: Lord, as thou hast doubled thy goodness towards me, I should have doubled my return of thankfulness towards thee, Thy love to me is absolute,

breach can dissolve it, no time determine it; thy love to me was from the beginning, and whom thou lovest thou lovest to the end: My love to thee is fickle, false, and full of imperfections; and if my filial fear, even in my best performances, be full of spots and blemishes in thy sight, how most deformed shall I appear, when I serve thee with an irreligious, and ungodly fear? when I do thy will repiningly, and coldly, not for love of thy mercy, but for fear of thy justice? when I am knowingly and willingly, consenting to thy great dishonour; when I am so zealous in the worlds cause, yea, too too often, in the divels cause, and so benummed in thine; when sorrows dismay me, and sins delight me.

Ah Lord! how far am I from what I ought to be? If I go on in this path, I perish everlastingly; while I continue in this course of disobedience, I hang over hell fire by the slender twig of an uncertain life, and if that once break, my loss is irrecoverable: Thou Lord hast said in, (and thy word is truth) *He which denieth me before men, him will I deny before my Father which is in heaven:* Lord let this teach me to delight in thy service, to be jealous of thine honor, to thirst for thy favour, to tremble at thy frown, to submit to thy rod, to think nothing too dear to part withall, to purchase thy grace to promote thy glory. Thou, O Lord, lovest not a cowardly Christian; If I prefer any thing to thy love, I am most unworthy of it; that friendship is too deerly bought, which cannot be enjoyed without the loss of thy favour.

If my brother offend me, I will labour to reform him with the spirit of meekness, lest whilst I study to rebuke another, I become

guilty

guilty of my ſelf: No ſin ſhall paſs me without ſome ſhew of diſtaſt, without ſome feeling of my Makers injury, and my brothers miſery; If I be not moved with compaſſion, for anothers ſin, I ſhall never be moved with contrition for mine own; ſuch comfort as I can willingly afford another, I may well hope ſhall be graciouſly conferred on my ſelf.

In my reproof of ſin I will obſerve theſe holy cautions, leſt while I endeavour to become ſerviceable unto thee, I prove injurous unto my neighbour: Private ſins ſhall not have publique reprehenſions; neither ſhall publique ſins be undecently reproved by me a private perſon; Piety muſt not confound charity, nor Religion Policy. Lord, I may eaſily tranſgreſs, even in my beſt intentions; how grievouſly have I then failed in my rebellious actions? when I have not feared thee with that ſincerity of heart which becometh thy Child; when I have not loved thee for that beauty, for that richneſs, for that goodneſs which thou art, but for thoſe outward bleſſings which I enjoy from thee; when I ſerve thee for baſe and by-reſpects, ſuch, and ſo unbeſeeming my profeſſion ſo far below that ſoul which thou haſt given me, that thou maiſt juſtly now withhold thy bleſſings from me: when I have hitherto ſought but my ſelf in thee: when my thoughts have been carnal, my words hypocritical, my ſervice deceitful.

To thy glory (Lord) and mine own deſerved ſhame, I willingly confeſs, that I have not only ſinned through the frailty of my nature, but have ſinned alſo with an high hand; ſin hath not only ſurprized me, at unawares, but I have obeyed it in the luſts thereof, with willingneſs

with greedineſs, with joyfulneſs; I have not only corrupted mine own waies before thee, by mine own ſins, but I have alſo fooliſhly contracted others faults, by hearing and ſeeing thee my God diſhonoured in vain and ſinful diſcourſe, in more vain and ſinfull exceſs, without ſhew of diſlike, without thought of reproof, yea, Lord, I have added unto others ſins by mine example, while I have feared to reprove that which I have known to be diſtaſteful unto thee, while I have ſeemed to love that which hath been hateful to mine own ſoul: With thoſe time pleaſing Rulers in the Goſpel, I have believed in thee, but becauſe of the Phariſes (becauſe of outward reſpects) I have feared to confeſs thee; and have loved the praiſe of men, more than the praiſe of God.

But thou, Lord who art infinitely good, and ever ready to forgive, whoſe wiſe and ever ruling providence is only able to produce the greateſt good out of the greateſt evil) Pardon and paſs by my many and my weak compliances of ſinfull nature; ſupply my defects, accept my deſires, incourage my endeavours: let thy power be magnified in my weakneſs, thy love in my wilfulneſs, thy grace in my ſinfulneſs.

Suffer me not (O Lord) to run from thee, by a baſe and ſervile fear of thy Juſtice, O let me rather run into the boſom of thy love by a filial fear, in ſweet and ſafe aſſurance of thy mercy.

Lord make me to ſee the fearfulneſs and uglineſs of ſin, by the bright rayes of thy celeſtial beauty: O let me patiently, and joyfully, and

thankfully, endure thy sweet chastisements for it, and speedily, and constantly withdraw my longings from it.

Give me an yearning and relenting soul for grieving thy good Spirit; give me [O Lord] that chast and blessed fear belonging only to thy children, that I may not fear thee to tremble at thee, but to love thee, to honour thee, to delight in thee, to enjoy thee.

Lord, make me jealous of every deed, of every word, of every thought that may displease thee, and truly penitent for all those sins by which I have so much dishonoured thee: Indue me with a loyal heart to love thee truly as I ought; strengthen this love with holy confidence and happy perseverance, that may for ever banish this unholy fear; that so my joyful soul may live above the reach of humane misery, that I may be capable of no fear but of offending thee; and that I may not only fear thee my self, but be jealous also of thy fear in others.

Lord, let nothing in this life withdraw me from a zealous and a constant love to thy service, from a faithful and devout endeavour to promote thy glory; that so I may be ever found true obedient unto thee, my God, religiously acquainted with the affairs of this life, piously affected to the good of mine own soul. Amen.

CHA

CHAP. 22.

upon the great neglect of reckoning daily with our consciences, and the benefits left thereby.

COnsider, O my soul, how venemous the nature of sin is; if thou canst afford to sleep in small sins, thou wilt not stick to welcome greater. Sin is of an incroaching nature; if thou suffer it to sleep in thy bosom, it will expect to dwell there: Little sins are harbingers to bigger ones; if thou lodgest these, these will challenge entertainment: Let each evening therefore take a strict account of that daies action, and where thou findest thy self failing, pray heartily for pardon.

In thine entrance upon this holy course, thou wilt surely find three potent oppositions; Satan will tell thee, that God requireth no such strictness at thy hands; the World will tell thee thou hast this or that imployment to consider of; thine own Corruption will perswade thee, that nature will abhor this discontented course, that thy Spirits will be so much dulled, and thy life will prove uncomfortable.

Alas my soul, these are delusions to betray thee to a greater mischief. As there are degrees of Sanctification, so there are of Pollution; no man becometh evil in an instant: from hence it is, that sometimes the soul can start even at the very thought of that sin, which by degrees it can digest without disturbance. If holy *David* had accounted with his conscience, after his lustful looks on *Bathsheba*, doubtless those fear-

full sins of his had never been committed. O let not any vain pretences deter thee from this task, but the blessed benefits allure thee; if the entrance be harsh, the progress will be safe, the continuance sweet, the end happy.

By this inquiry thou shalt see thy sins (those great disturbers of thy peace,) arraigned, convicted, condemned, and by the mercy of thy Saviour dayly dying in thee; Satan repulsed, the gifts and graces of Gods holy Spirit strengthened, thy mournings comforted, thine infirmities sustained, thy conscience quieted, thy rejoycings exalted, the holy Angels delighted, and thy heavenly Father well pleased. O how truly blessed are these enjoyments! what soul can be now sad in this inquiry?

Lord, I now solemnly resolve upon this safe, this sweet, this blessed task; I willingly abandon all excuses that may hinder me; and joyfully embrace those happy duties which invite me nearer to thy heavenly presence; thy yoak is easie, and thy burthen light, when thy grace hath redeemed me from the bondage of sin, and restored me into the glorious liberty of thy children, I shall then find (to my souls comfort) that thy service is perfect freedom, from sin, from shame, from death, from hell; from all miseries here, from all torments hereafter.

Be warie therefore, O my soul, and careful to remove all letts that may disable thee, but those especially that turn me from a Christian to a beast. Satan hath many waies to couzen me; when he cannot beguile my judgment, he will betray mine affections, and lead me by a seeming good, in friendly society, to a real evil in excess; and so when he cannot corrupt

my

my intentions, he will undoubtedly divert mine actions, as well knowing it is impossible for him to be devout, who is not temperate.

Lord, by how much Satan is more powerful and malicious, by so much make me more wise and circumspect, that my intentions may be good, my words gracious, my actions vertuous, my life holy, my death happy.

Blessed God,

How large a portion of my little time have I bestowed on sin? how eager have I been of it? how negligent in asking pardon for it?

Lord pardon my unmindfulness of holy duties, make me more watchful for the time to come, that I may constantlie resolve upon amendment of my evil waies, and willinglie endure thy fatherly afflictions for them.

Forgive those sinful houres that have unfitted me for thy service, suffer me not, O Lord, to wander in the waies of wickedness, and when at any time the frailtie of my wretched flesh shall tempt me to exceed those blessed bounds which thou hast set me, O let thy saving grace restrain me; let not this simple freedom captivate my precious soul, to thy dishonour, and mine own desired shame; but let thy gladding Spirit be my joyful comfort, to refresh me in life, and protect me in death.

Make me more zealous, more intent upon the waies of godliness; Lord suffer not my pious resolutions, to abate with any outward obstacles; let me not lean upon these broken reeds, but rest on thee the rock of my defence and safetie.

Make me content to leave these earthly vanities for thy sake, who wert willing to forgoe thy

heavenly Throne for mine; though the frailty of my nature hath too often led me into the bondage of sin, yet let the freedom of thy grace now guide me into the footsteps of sorrow, that this blessed sorrow may be turned into joy, and that this joy the world may not take from me.

Lord open mine eyes, that I may see the blessedness of goodness, the perfect freedom of thy service, the glorious liberties of thy children; so shall I willinglie submit to thy commands, and joyfullie partake of thy rewards.

Blessed God, with humblenes of soul I offer up my self unto thee; Lord Jesus accept of me, and so assist me with thy grace, that I may wholie dedicate my self to thy glorie. Amen.

CHAP. 23.

Upon the christian like dulnes in affliction.

Lord,

I Cannot live without crosses, unless I can live without sin; when they come therefore, I will bid them welcome for thy sake, from whom they are sent; not one of them can afflict me without thy leave, who hast directed their course, limited their power; let me not repine at that which I have justly deserved; let me rather rejoice, that thou vouchsafest me this favour; if I were not thy child, I should not be under thy rod; if thou Lord didst not love me, thou wouldst not scourge me; no outward thing can so well assure me of thy favour, as the fellowship of thy sufferings, for if I suffer with thee, I shall assuredly be glorified together with thee.

Holy *David* was in trouble, and it was good for him: O let not that which was good for him, be evil for me. Lord, if thy Phyſick be bitter, yet it is wholſome; if it make me heart-ſick now; it will make me healthful hereafter; if I diſturb it not by mine impatience, it will work in me the quiet and the happy fruits of true repentance, and amendment of mine evil waies; it will remember me that I am a Stranger, and a Pilgrim here, that there is nothing in this life but wearineſſe and ſorrow, it will drive me from the penury of ſin, and tyranny of Satan, to the riches of grace, and liberty of goodneſſe; it will encourage me to walk worthy of the richneſſe of my calling in Chriſt Jeſus; it will make me willing to go home to thee my heavenly Father, where I ſhall feel no more pain, find no more ſorrow, ſuffer no more affliction, where thou Lord wilt wipe away all tears from mine eies, all grief from my heart.

Thou (O Lord) alone knoweſt my diſeaſe, and canſt beſt temper my potion; each degree muſt be anſwered, ſo much ſinful pleaſure as I enjoy, ſo much ſorrow muſt I drink (and woe be unto me for ever if I drink it not) if I taſt not of this cup here, I ſhall drink of the very dregs in hell: Thou, O Lord, who haſt freely forgiven me my ſins, haſt not fully remitted my puniſhments; thou who didſt undergoe the miſery of life, and the bitterneſſe of death for me, haſt neither bought of the one, nor taken off the other from me; by thy ſufferings I am fully and for ever freed from the guilt and torments of ſin; by mine own corruptions I am liable unto the act of ſin, and ſo even unto death alſo as a

poral punishment for sin: Thou camest not, O Lord, wholly to abolish sin in me, but to become righteousnesse, and sanctification, and redemption unto me; not to abate my sorrows, but to uphold my sufferings; that I being thereby made conformable unto thee in grace, may hereafter be partaker with thee of thy heavenly glory.

How fearful ought this to make me to commit sin? how careful to avoid occasions of allurements to it? how thankful, how joyful, to receive Gods Fatherly chastisements for it? I may here see, and joyfullie admire, the wisedom, justice, goodnesse, mercy, of my heavenly Father; his justice, in punishing sin; his wisedom, in the proportion and end of this punishment? his goodnesse, by sustaining me under it, by redeeming me from it; his mercy, by making it to work for me a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

Lord he that can droop under thy Crosse, shall never follow thee to thy Crown; when I once find the lightnesse of this load, by the strength of thy supporting grace, I shall then feel to my soules exceeding comfort, that one sin of more weight than an age of sorrow.

And now Lord, I am joyfully prepared for the worst of afflictions, which either sin or Satan, life or death, can bring upon me; scourge me, launce me, bruise me, break me, do what thou wilt with me here, so thou spare me for ever; Lord, although thou killest me, yet will I trust in thee, for I know assuredly, that all these outward things shall work together for the best for me; and that my present sufferings thou hast sent in mercy to me, to humble me for sin, to

pre-

preserve me from shame; I kisse them, I embrace them, and am sincerely thankful for them. Lord let me clearly see for what sin thou hast inflicted this punishment, that I may bewail it, abhor it, forsake it, implore thy pardon for it; when I am thus armed, I shall be able to encounter my fiercest affliction, if I am found naked, the weakest will foyle me.

To thee, O Lord, whose wise and ever-ruling hand disposeth all occurrences of life, and sweetlie guides them to the good of thy children, do I addresse my sinful soul, for mercie and protection.

Lord open mine eies, that I may see and believe the constancie of thy love, in the mutabilitie of mine outward condition.

Give me a patient and a willing heart to welcome all the changes of this present life, to be humble under them, to rejoice in them, and be thankful for them.

Forgive the pride of heart, and prodigality of hand, attending on my prosperous estate; my greater pinings, and ungodlie passions, incident to my declining happinesse, and increasing miserie.

As thou hast weaned me from the pleasures of this life, by the wand of thine afflictions; so wean me also from the sins of this life, by the staff of thy consolations; that so my heart may be wholly taken off from all earthlie enjoyments; that I may become even as a weaned child, to forgoe willinglie what thou denyest me, to receive quietlie what thou provydest for me.

What I want of these outward blessings, supplie unto me by thine inward comforts; which are infinitelie better for me, and shall be therefore ever-

desires to me. Lord furnish me with graces suitable to all events, and able to encourage me in all afflictions.

Lord sanctifie this present sorrow to my sinful soul; so sweeten it by thy grace, that it may bring forth in me the quiet, and the happie fruits of righteousnesse: make it a sure pledge of thy fatherlie affections towards me; let it dailie and hourlie draw me nearer to thy presence; let it wean me from the miseries of sin, and at last bring me to the sweet fruition of eternitie. Amen.

CHAP. 24.

Upon unthankfulnesse in christianes, with incouragements to avoid it.

AH Lord, from whence is my unthankfulness, my dulnesse in my Christian calling? how much below that glorious hope which thou hast given me? When I consider of the richnesse of thy love in Christ, I find thee to be all in all unto me, and may well wonder at mine own unthankfulnesse, and ignorance, that is still doting on this worlds nothing and uncertaintie. Thou (O Lord) are truly and eternallye good, and therefore able to derive Eternitie of happinesse. Before I was created, I was thine, and when I was not mine own thou becamest mine; thou (O my Saviour) who hast given me thy self, canst deny me nothing: What is too good, too great, too glorious for that soul which thou hast redeemed at so dear a rate, as the price of thine own blood, and espoused to thine own bosom? Thy creatures are at peace

with

with me, thy holy Angels attend me, guard me, fight for me, rejoice at my conversion; thy Saints triumphant pray for me, the Devils fly from me, and thou, O Lord, by thine almighty power and gracious providence, art ever with me; thou carest for me from the cradle to the tomb; *Thou art about my bed, and about my paths, and spyest out all my waies*; Yea, *Thy mercy embraceth me on every side*; when I sleep I am safe, when I awake, joyful; in prosperity I have thy rod to afflict me, in adversity thy staffe to comfort me: Lord while I am in thy favour, I can look no way but to happiness, if I walk not answerable to it, I may well fear to be deprived of it.

And doubtless (O my soul) those eies which look so graciously upon thee in this life, will behold thee with a more earnest, with a more endeared love in that to come, these transitory glances are but the faithful pledges of those future embraces. Those arms of mercie which now support thee in thine often failings, shall then encompass thee with glorie; those blessed hands which now chastise thee for thy rebellions, will then wipe away all tears from thine eies; and that relenting heart, which sometimes is most unwillingly withdrawn from thee for thy Apostasie, will then unite it self to thine for ever.

Lord, who can be a Christian and be sad? who can believe all this, and not triumph in joyful exaltation? and not insult over the sorrows of this life? and not contemn the joies of this bewitching world? and not resist these cloudy, disquieted thoughts, these close assaults

faults of Satans never-resting malice? Millions of worlds, Miriads of Angels, cannot restore that cursed Spirit to this happiness which thou now enjoyest, and yet so slightly regardest.

O let this teach thee to abhor his foul temptations, to consider of thy worth in Christ, and to raise thy self above the reach of earthly misery; to love thy God faithfully, to serve him cheerfully, to persevere joyfullie, to be patient in tribulation, to rejoice in hope, to pray continually, to thirst after the sweetness of his grace, and earnestly to long for the consummation of his glory.

Blessed God,

How unworthy am I to be called thy servant, who have so long been subject to the worlds commands? how undeserving of thy glorious libertie of thy Sons; who have so willinglie been fetter'd by mine own corruptions? how unapable of thy heavenly comforts, that can rejoice in nothing but these earthlie vanities.

Lord open mine eyes, that I may see the richness of the price of my high calling in Christ Jesus, and endeavour to walk worthy of it; that I may earnestly desire thee, joyfullie embrace thee, and constantlie and chearfullie devote my service to thee.

Forgive my drowsiness, my dulness, my backwardness in holie duties; awake my sinful soul from sinfullsil, and raise it to the blessed thoughts of sweet eternitie.

Compassionate my weakness, accept my willingness, forgive my sinfulness, quicken my dulness, remove my untowardness: Lord bring me to such a blessed frame of heart, that I may willinglie forgo

forgo the sins and miseries of this life, and frequentlie delight my self with contemplation of thy joies in that to come.

CHAP. 25.

Upon mans sinful frailtie in the hour of Temptation, with motives to make resistance.

I Am now in the list with Satan, and this hour to fight the Lords battail: God seeth me, and his holy Angels see me, I have long professed my self to be Christs souldier, and he hath now brought me to the field to prove me, now is the trial of my courage, of my Christianity; If I overcome, I shall rejoice on earth, triumph in heaven.

If that evil one were as powerful as malicious, I had just cause to fear him; but now my comfort and assurance is, that he cannot hurt me, but by me: He now strongly labours to encline my will (and woe were me if he might compell it,) his subtile suggestions, his unclean solicitations, his fulminated motions, may be the father begetting, but mine own corrupt heart is the mother conceiving; there can be no danger from abroad, if there be no treason at home.

Look well into thy self therefore O my soul, ascend the Watch-tower of thine understanding, and see that there lurke therein no seeming shews, no specious pretences, no gross lies, no false proposals to betray thee; if thy head be surprized, thy heart cannot long hold out.

Examine thine affections, try them by the blessed rule of divine precepts, if they be not sharply corrected, they will soon be corrupted; endea-

endeavours to resist the very first motions to sin; for if Satan can beguile thine affections, he will undoubtedly command thine actions.

Quicken thy memory by the momentany pleasure of sin, by the heavy judgments threatned against it, by the sad consequences of it, by the eternity of torments after it: Think how often thou hast been already foiled: how many serious vows and faithful promises thou hast already made to God of thine amendment; how carelessly thou hast dispensed with them all, and how presumptuously persisted in thy follies. O think how gracious thy God hath been unto thee in forbearing, how wonderful his mercy is in pardoning, how justly he might now destroy thee, even in the very act of sinning.

Lord, if none of all this will yet scare me from sinning against thee, nor allure me to repenting, that I may draw nearer home unto thee: O let me yet consider, who it is that leadeth me to fight, and wherefore I have engaged. Thou, O my blessed Saviour, art my Captain, and Heaven is my Countrey; Shall I now loose those rivers of eternal pleasure, for this short, this false, this momentany joy? shall I run from thee who art the Prince of Peace, and who hast spilt thy precious blood for me, unto that cruel enemy of mankind, who hath drawn somuch blood from me? Shall I forsake thee who hast laid down thy life for me, and inslave my self to him who every minute seeketh to devour me? Shall I dishonour thee my God, grieve thine holy Angels, shame my profession, wound mine own conscience, terrifie mine own soul, seek mine own ruin? If I consent to this temptation, that God whom I dishonour will abhor me,

me, those blessed Angels whom I grieve will forsake me, those cursed Spirits whom I obey will deride me, that conscience which I now wound will accuse me, that glorious Gospel which I shame will condemn me, and that ruin which I now seek will for ever seize upon me.

Let this move thee (O my soul) as thou expostest happiness, to take up a blessed resolution of resistance: if the assault dismay thee, let the conquest encourage thee; if the beginning be sharp, the close will be sweet; if nature be dejected, grace will be strengthened; and as grace increaseth here, so shall glory hereafter.

Consider last of all what Saint *James* saith and fix in thy thoughts as chief of all, *blessed is the man that endureth temptation, for when he is tried, he will receive the Crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him*, Jam. 1. 12. Thrice happy is that soul which is faithful in Gods service, although it may often faint, it shall never fail; it may sometimes be foiled, but shall never be overcome; it shall never fall totally, it can never fall finally; for thou, Lord, upholdest it, and in thy love it is sure of safety here, of triumph hereafter.

Blessed God,

with grief of heart I willingly confess, that I have shamefully dishonoured thy great and glorious name, by mine often failings, by my many faintings, and more wretched yeldings, to the shame of my profession, the grief of thy good Spirit, and the terrour of my soul condition.

Lord,

Lord, how wretched is my soul without thee, and yet how easilie, how willinglie am I inticed from thee? even at this instant I am readie to forsake thee, and may most justlie fear to be forsaken of thee.

The world allureth me, the flesh bloweth me, the devil beguileth me, and mine own false heart deceiveth me, and is now ready to rebel against me: O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me? Lord Jesus assist me, and let thy saving grace be now and evermore sufficient for me.

Lord rebuke these evil thoughts, believe my miserie, support my weakness, strengthen my willingness, give me an undaunted courage in thy service, an unfeigned sorrow for my former failings, and constancy of heart against present suggestions, and future temptations, that I may find no sweetness but in thy love, no pleasure but in thy service, no profit but in thy rewards. Amen.

CHAP. 26.

upon the Infirmities of the Saints.

Lord,

WIth grief of heart I confess, that I find a law in my members, rebelling against the Law of my mind, and leading me captive to the Law of sin, so that those things which I would do I cannot, and I dayly and hourly do these things which I would not; yet my comfort is, that I make not provision for the flesh to fulfil the lust thereof: By the weakness of mine own corruptions, I often fall into

into ſin, but by the bleſſed Aſſiſtance of thy grace I abhor to lie there; ſin oftentimes ſurpriſeth me, but by thy rich mercy hath never yet reigned over me; It hath often deceived me, but I truſt ſhall never deſtroy me. It hath pleaſed thee, O my bleſſed Saviour, to conclude all things under ſin, that thy grace may abound, while I ſtrive againſt it, and am afflicted for it, my ſinful deſires will (I truſt) be graciouſly accepted, and (in thy perfect obedience) gloriouſly rewarded.

Be not diſmaied therefore, O my ſoul, that thou ſometimes art raviſhed with apprehenſion of thy heavenly joies, and ſuddenly relapſed to the follies of a wretched heart; the one thou happily enjoyeſt, by the ſweet aſſiſtance of the heavenly Spirit; the other thou violently ſuffereſt by the ſtrong torrent of thy ſinful nature, Lord, ſuch is thy great wiſdom, and inconceivable goodneſs towards me, that oftentimes thou leaveſt me unto my ſelf, and therefore ſuffereſt me to fall, (and that moſt grievouſly ſometimes) that I may ſee mine own infirmities, and be truly humbled for them; that I may impute nothing to mine own merits, but give all the glory to thy ſufferings; that I may goe out of my ſelf, and mine own miſery, into the ſweet enjoyment of thy rich, and endleſs mercy.

Conſider therefore, O my ſoul, that ſo long as thou continueſt in this valley of tears, thou canſt not live without this burthen of ſin; ſo long as thou carrieſt this frail body about thee, continuing weakneſs will be attending on thee. O let this teach thee to bewail the miſery of this frail life, which is only prone to evil,

and

and that continually; let it humble thee for thy many failings, and invite thee to a more hearty and sincere affection to thy Saviour, by whose absolute and perfect obedience, all thine imperfections shall be done away; and lastly, to a more earnest longing for thy bodies dissolution.

Comfort thy self in this, that all the miseries of this life shall work together for the best to thine advantage, nothing can befall thee without his holy providence that so deerly loveth thee, even thy very sins shall further thee to Heaven; if thou hast now fallen, through the infirmity of thy corrupt nature, God will raise thee, by this fall of thine, to more perfection in goodness, to more vigilance, to more holiness, to more courage, to more constancy, in thy Christian calling: for, *The Lord ordereth a good mans goings, and maketh his way acceptable unto him, though he fall he shall not be cast away, for the Lord upholdeth him*, Psalm. 37. 23, 24. and if that evil one be powerfully malicious, the greater shall thy joy and triumph be, when thou art happily victorious.

Lord, how truly blessed is the condition of thy Saints? who compellest even the rage of earth and hell to work for their advantage: *Why art thou then so sad, O my soul, and why art thou so disquieted within me? still trust in God, for he is the help of thy countenance, and thy God*, Psal. 42. 15.

Lord, how sad is my condition without thee? thou (who alone knowest the secrets of all hearts) knowest that I love thee, that I long for thee, that I desire nothing in comparison of thee my God, and yet thou findest nothing but pol-

lution

ution in me: sometimes I beg to be at union, with thee, and sometimes live as if I cared not for mercy from thee; still I sin, and still thou forgivest: yea I am therefore the more ready to rebell against thee, because thou Lord art most ready to be merciful unto me; and yet for all this (such are thy bowels of compassion towards me) thou bemoanest mine iniquity, thou invitest, thou compellest me to mercy.

Lord, wilt thou still suffer me to abuse thy goodness? I have often run from thee, by relapsing into grievous sins, and thou, O Lord, as often hast received me to favour, and afforded me the sweet refreshings of thy holy Spirit; I confess my self unworthy to enjoy that blessed Spirit which I have so often grieved: O let this teach me to be truly and sincerely thankful unto thee, to love thee more; heartily, praise thee more joyfullie, serve thee more faithfully, to my lives end.

For thou, O blessed Lord, art all in all unto me, thou art strength in my weakness, love in my wilfulness, life in my sinfulness; thou alone knowest under what great evils of sin, under what sad pressures of sorrow I dailie groan, and thou hast promised to ease those weary souls, that cry to thee for succour and relief.

Lord save me, or I perish; Lord ease me of this heavy burden, that I sink not to eternal misrie; give me thy saving grace, to guide me from these woful waies of wickedness; O let this hour put an end to this sin: Lord lead me unto thy paths, and uphold me there, that my feet slip not; suffer me not to feed upon these empty husks; O satisfie me with thy mercie, and that soon, before

fore I go hence, and be no more seen.

My spirit is willing (O Lord) but my flesh is weak, have pittie upon me, have pity upon me, for I am in miserie.

Lord cover my sins, Lord pardon mine infirmities, Lord Jesus accept of me, and interpose thy blessed merits for me.

Lord raise me from this wretched fall; support my weakness, renew my repentance, increase my faith, quicken my zeal, that so by thy gracious assistance, I may be raised to more puritie, to more perfection, in my Christian calling; that where sin hath abounded, there grace may abound much more, to thy great glorie, and mine own endlesse comfort.

O Lord hear, O Lord forgive, O Lord consider and do it, defer not for thine own sake, O my God. Amen.

CHAP. 27.

Upon Desertion.

WHile I am in this pilgrimage of sin, I cannot be without this portion of sorrow; why complain I of that which I have so justly deserved? how often hath my God afforded me the gracious visits of his blessed Spirit? and yet how easily have I regarded them? Lord, I am not worthy of the least of all thy mercies, much lesse of this invaluable favour, to enjoy the kisses of thy sacred mouth: as I am now grieved for the losse of thy presence, so I have too often grieved thee by mine own rebellious absence; this is the sad condition even of the best of thy Saints in this life; as they

have

have had their aberations from grace, so they have had their fluctuations in woe; these sad departings of thy blessed Spirit have ever been the just memorials of their present griefs, and former miseries.

I see thy holy servant *David*, sadly bemoaning this great loss, and almost despairing of the enjoyment of thy gracious presence, I hear him crying out in bitterness of soul, *will the Lord absent himself for ever, and will he shew no more favour? Is his mercy clean gone for ever? doth his promise fail for evermore? Hath God forgotten to be gracious? hath he shut up his tender mercy in displeasure?* Psal. 77. 7, 8, 9.

How grievous was this complaint? how gracious thine answer? even in the very minute of distress, even by the very lips of the distressed for it follows in a breath, *And I said this is my death, but I will remember the years of the right hand of the most high.*

Jonah's extremity was thy blessed opportunity; even when *Jonah* thought himself in most danger of perishing, he then found thy mercy most ready in relieving; when he thought himself cast out of thy sight, even then he found himself looking to thy presence, and ready to be received into thy favour, *Jonah* 2. 4.

Lord, if thou givest me but the least measure of true faith, I shall be able to remove the greatest mountains of sin, and know assuredly to my souls exceeding comfort, that thou hidest thy face from me but for a moment in this life, that thou maist gather me to everlasting kindness in that to come.

Comfort thy self in this therefore (O my Soul) that God will never leave thee, that he will

will never forsake thee, that he will never leave thee totally, nor forsake thee finally; that he hath not now withdrawn his gracious presence from thee, but the present comfort of his grace from working in thee, as there are sad desertions, so there will undoubtedly be gracious visits; thou maiest be forsaken in sin, in the suffering of punishment for sin, in the severity of the punishment, in the fearful apprehension of Gods wrath in this severity; but assure thy self (O my soul) thou shalt never be forsaken in the final execution of this wrath, in the eternal duration of this final execution.

Lord, if my hopes of heaven were grounded on the weak foundation of mine own abilities, If mine Election were but temporary I might justly fear this desertion would prove eternal; but now my comfort is, that Christ is my strong rock, on whom I am safely built; that nothing can seperate me from his love; that his Decree of mine Election is particular, sweet, sure, and eternal; that the happy means appointed to this blessed end, is faith, holiness, righteousness and Sanctification; holiness to obey thy precepts, faith to embrace thy promises, righteousness to enjoy thy Saints, and sanctification to possess my self: Thy blessed Decree (O Lord) is so far from giving me liberty to commit sin, that it most undoubtedly restrains me from it; If I cannot make my calling and election sure, by thy decreed means of sanctification, I shall never make my comfort sure by my vain hopes of glorification.

If I look upon *Noah*, *Lot*, *David*, *Jacob*, *Jonah*, *Christ* himself, I shall there see the severe an

and the sorrowful degrees of this Delertion: *Noah* and *Lot* fearfully sinning, *David* a long time resting in sin, and wofully deprived of Gods gracious presence for sin; *Jonah*, even doubting of Gods favour, in the suddenness, and the sharpness of his punishment; and thou, O my blessed Saviour, affrighted with the fierceness of thy Fathers wrath for sin, and for a time (as thou wert man) despairing of his gracious presence.

Be not afraid therefore, O my soul; for as thou art deserted for thy sins sake, so thou art beloved for thy Saviours Sake; though he *hide himself behind the wall*, (of thy corruption) yet he will graciously *look through the lattice* (of thine humiliation) *Cant.* 2. 9. Even this thy present sadness will afford the some refreshings, some gracious glimpses of his holy Spirit; and though thy heart be now disquieted within thee, thou shalt again assuredly receive the voice of joy and gladness. Lord let this teach me to abhor those sins that have deprived me of thy presence; to seek earnestly to enjoy thee; to rise early to find thee whom my soul loveth; to settle mine affections upon thy beauty, mine actions upon thy service? that I may be guided by thy grace in this life, and encompast with thy glory in that to come.

For thou, O my blessed Saviour, art infinitely dearer to me than the choicest of these earthly vanities; their love is false and uncertain, but thine true and eternal; abundantlie sufficient to rejoice me here, to enrich me hereafter.

O Lord my God, my soul longeth for thee, I am weary of the sins and miseries of this life, and nothing can relieve me but thy blessed presence: O make thy face to shine upon me, and save me for thy mercy sake.

My God, my God, look upon me, why hast thou forsaken me, and art so far from the words of my complaint? O satisfie my longings, for thou knowest Lord that I love thee.

Hear my prayer, O Lord, and hide not thy face from my supplications, O hide not thy self from me, nor cast thy servant away in displeasure.

Thou hast been my succour, therefore leave me not, nor forsake me, O God of my salvation: Make thy face to shine upon thy servant, and save me for thy mercy sake.

O lead me from the bondage of sin, into the blessed liberty of thy children, that I may be comforted in the sweetness of thy promises, and thou mayst be delighted in the zeal of my performances.

Give me the comfort of thy help again, and stablish me with thy free Spirit; O hide not thy face from thy servant, for I am in trouble, make haste and hear me.

Lord, I am defiled with sin, and disquieted with sorrow; I am daily vexed with temptations, and hourly overcome with vanity; I am wretchedly infolded in the miseries of mine own corruptions, and wofully beguiled by the divels subtilties; O wretched man that I am who shall deliver me?

Lord I bewail my misery, and implore thy mercy; O that I were this hour at union with thee, that I might hereafter joyfully adhere unto thee, be graciously accepted of thee, and for ever gloriously exalted by thee. Amen.

CHAP.

CHAP. 28.

upon the apprehension of sudden danger.

BLesſed God, I know that nothing can befall me without thy holy providence, even this preſent danger is by thine appointment, and what thou haſt deſigned it unto I know not, I enquire not; Lord give me a ſweet and ſafe aſſurance that I am thine, and then do with me what thou wilt: O let me live, and I ſhall praiſe thee, and thy judgments ſhall help me; but if thou haſt appointed me this hour to die, O let me then go home unto thee, and be united in a ſafer, in a ſweeter union with thee. Lord hear me, and have mercy on me, for my dear Saviours ſake, who hath given his precious life a ranſom for me.

Preſerve me, O God for in thee have I put my truſt; forſake me not, O Lord my God, be not thou far from me.

Lord ſtrengthen and ſupport my wavering faith, forgive me all my ſins, and ſuffer not my ſoul to be ſurprized in my laſt extremity.

Haſt thee to help me, O Lord God of my ſalvation, for thy names ſake, for thy promiſe ſake, for thy precious blood ſake.

Into thy hand I commend my ſpirit, for thou haſt redeemed me, O Lord, thou God of truth.

CHAP.

CHAP. 29.

upon the weaknesse of Faith, and sinfulness of Thoughts tending to Despair.

HOW much art thou mistaken (O my Soul) to think thy self then farthest off from God, when thou art neareſt unto him; to suppose thy self then most wretched, when thou art neareſt to the paths of happiness? He that never doubted, never truly beleived; and he that hath leaſt assurance in himself, will have most certainty in Christ.

Thou haſt sinned, and thou art sorrowful; thou haſt committed great and grievous sins, and thou abhorreſt them, thou forsakeſt them, thou heartily deſireſt pardon for them; if thou hadſt not a godly sorrow, thou couldſt not have this godly deſire, if thy sorrow were for punishment it would cause thy death, but now it is for sin it will lead thee to repentance; if thou grieveſt not so much for the severe sentence of an incenſed Judge, as for the displeasure of a good and gracious Father, as thou soweſt in tears thou ſhalt reap in joy, nay thou ſhalt have great joy even in theſe tears, thou ſhalt have much sweetneſs even in this sorrow; and if seed-time be sweet, how bleſſed will thy harveſt be? hear what thy Saviour saith, *Bleſſed are they that mourn, for they ſhall be comforted*; in sorrow here, in eternity of joyes hereafter: who can curſe, where God hath bleſſed? what Devil can deject, where God will exalt?

Thou art grieved for offending thy gracious God, and thou imploreſt him for mercy; co-

rt thy self in this, that *God is near unto all those which call upon him, yea that call upon him faithfully*, Psal. 105. 18. Be not afraid therefore; for thy faith be weak, yet it is living; if it be languishing, it will assuredly recover more strength; if there be blossoms now, there will be fruit hereafter; these happy beginnings will have gracious proceedings, blessed endings.

Consider what thy God hath promised by his holy Prophet, *I will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoaking flax*, Isa. 42. 3. Let not the smarting (therefore) of thy conscience trouble thee, remember who it is that searcheth thee, *I have wounded thee* (saith God) *and I will heal thee, I have broken thee, and I will bind thee*. Thou art therefore wounded, that thou mayst be healed; thou art therefore broken; that thou mayst be bound up: That sore which is insensible, is ever most dangerous; and that wound which smarteth most, is most capable of remedy.

Blessed Lord, I now feel, to mine unspeakable comfort, that thou hast wounded me with the terrours of thy Law, that thou mayst heal me with the comforts of thy Gospel; that I am therefore bruised with the burden of my sins, that I may be ever eased by the merits of thy glorious sufferings; all my imperfections are thine, all his righteousness is mine, I may boldly challenge it, thou wilt not deny it, I may safely plead it, thou canst not refuse it.

Consider yet further, O my Soul, what thy blessed Saviour saith unto thee, *I am the resurrection and the life, he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die*, Joh. 11. 25, 26.

How canst thou doubt now (O my Soul when thy Saviour biddeth thee believe, a live? what canst thou fear, when thou hast promise for thy safety? Heaven and Earth sh pass away, but not one tittle of his Word sh fail.

Let not the number of thy sins affright the for it is *his blood which cleanseth us from all iniq ties*, 1 John 1. 7. 9.

Let not the nature of thy sins amaze thee, *though they were red as scarlet, yet he will ma them white as snow.*

Let not the long continuance of them stag thee, for *At what time soever a sinner doth rep him of his sin, from the bottom of his heart, I w blot them out of my remembrance, saith the Lo* Ezech. 18.

Thy Conscience shall not trouble thee, *Being justified by faith, we have peace with G* Rom. 5. 1.

The Devil cannot hurt thee, for *Who sh lay any thing to the charge of Gods elect? it is G that justifieth, who is he that condemneth? i Christ that died, yea rather that is risen again, is even at the right hand of God, who also ma intercession for us*, Rom. 8. 32, 33.

Nay (which is the sum of all) God him in Justice cannot condemn thee, for *There i condemnation to them which are in Christ J who walk not after the flesh, but after the sp* Rom. 8. 1. his Justice is satisfied, his Me magnified, his Name for ever glorified.

Lord let this teach me to rely with com on thy blessed promises, and to walk worth them, in my religious performances; to m fest my increase of grace, by my increa

odneſs; to fix my heart wholly upon thee, love thee, to fear thee, to honour thee, and ſuredly to reſt in thee; when thy grace ſhall able me to delight in thy fear, my ſins can ver perſwade me to deſpair of thy favour: my ace will be then inviolable, my joy unutter-le, my happineſs unalterable.

Bleſſed Lord God,

When I conſider of the wretchedneſs of mine own corruptions in nature, I am even readie to deſpair of thy love; But when I look upon the bleſſednesse of my condition in Chriſt, I am then encouraged to ſue to thee for mercie and forgiveneſs: Although thy juſtice be ſevere againſt me, as I am a grievous ſinner, yet thy mercie is moſt ſweet unto me in my Saviour.

I now tremble at thy judgments, yet I rejoice in thy promiſes; although thy Law ſpeak never ſo terriblie, thy curſes be never ſo manie, thy plagues be never ſo grievous, thy wrath never ſo tempeſtuous, yet in the ſweet mercie of my Saviour I am able to abide them all.

O Lord my God, I abhor my ſelf, I accuſe my ſelf, I condemn my ſelf, I am now readie with thy wrath to ſeize upon my ſinful ſoul, and caſt it down to everlaſting miſerie.

Lord, unto thee onelie I appeal for mercie and forgiveneſſe: ſweet Jeſus accept of me, and interpoſe thy bleſſed merits for me; inrich my ſoul with thy ſufferings, be ear preſent with me, and eternal comfort to me.

O holie and for ever bleſſed Spirit, thou that inclineſt the ſouls of thine Elect, aſſiſt and ſtrengthen me; quicken and revive my drooping faith, increaſe my hope, cheriſh my love, foment

those dying sparks, by the sweet breathings of t
blessed Spirit, that they may zealously bre
forth in a pure and fervent flame of holy affecti
ons, to thy great glory, and mine own eternal ha
pines. Amen.

CHAP. 30.

upon the great Neglect of the duty of Prayer.

Lord,

WHen I seriously consider how manifo
and great my failings are, when I thi
of the shortness and uncertainty of life, of t
solemnity of death, of the eternity of happin
or misery after death, and by all these of t
necessity, usefulness, and excellency of Pray
I may well wonder that I am ever from m
knees.

My life is all sin, and had therefore no
to be all sorrow; the greatness and continua
of my sins have added to the greatness a
continuance of my misery, and there is no
but thou (O Lord) that can relieve me; there
no coming to thee but by Prayer, and no Pra
powerful with thee, but that which is f
vent.

This is that eye of my affection that wou
eth the heart of thy compassion; this is that
ly violence that taketh Heaven by force, t
surpriseth thy Mercy, that manicles thy Justi
that wrestles with thy Love, and will not
thee go without a blessing: This is my str
armour to defend me, my daily food to sust
me, my safe repose to refresh me, my sw
content for ever to delight me.

Bles

Blessed Lord, how wonderful is thy desire to man? how graciously doest thou provide for him? how daily art thou mindful of him? Thy words instruct me, thy promises allure me, thy graces sustain me, thy sacraments strengthen me, thy visits comfort me, thy embraces ravish me; And, as if all this were not yet enough to manifest thy favour towards me, so unspeakable is thy love, so earnest thy desires unto me, that thou hast even given me thy self, to be overcome by me. Lord, thou art all love, when I strive with thee for mercy, I overcome thee by thy self; how great is thy goodness? how tender are thy mercies unto man, for whose sake thou contendest even with thine own Essence? Thou hast given thy Son to die for me, and in him thy self to be overcome by me.

Lord, let this teach me to renew my acquaintance often with thee, to labour to be powerfull in my prayers; to study to be humble, zealous, earnest, even importunate in my devotions; to let no sinful thought pass me without a sigh, no sinful action without holy contrition, no divine favours, without devout and thankful acknowledgment: That soul which is truly sensible of the burden of sin, will hasten unto that heavenly help that can give it ease; and that heart which is once truly inflamed with thy love, will readily instruct the tongue to be zealous in thy praise. Lord let me first seek mine own heart, before I presume to come before thy Mercy seat, lest if I recall it not from the vanities of this life, my very prayers become sin, and so while I expect a blessing, I deserve a curse.

Let no vain excuse, no barren pretence of

this life, perſwade me to intermit this holy duty, leſt careleſneſs, and coldneſs in devotion beget in me a loathing of that courſe, which by conſtant practice will become my conſtant comfort: Lord make me to conſider of the ſweetneſs, of the excellency of this gift, that I may daily labour to improve it to my ſoules eternal happineſs; That when I often fall (as I needs muſt through the weakneſs of the fleſh) thou, O Lord, in mercy maieſt reſtore me through my bleſſed importunity of Spirit.

With grief of heart (Lord) I confeſs, that my great neglect of this holy dutie, hath moſt juſtly occaſioned the great abatement of thy holy Spirit in me, and long withholdings of thine outward bleſſings from me.

Lord give me yet an heart to ſerve thee, and then take from me what thou wilt: I deſire nothing without thee; for I know aſſuredly, that with thee I cannot but enjoy all things needful for me.

O make me to bewail mine own unworthineſs, my drowſineſs, my dulneſs, my careleſneſs, my much untowardneſs in thy ſervice: Create in me a clean heart (O Lord) and renew a right ſpirit within me, that I may praiſe thee with alacrity, and fervency of ſoul; that I may be daily raviſhed with contemplation of eternity, and hourlie ſatisfie my thoughts with apprehenſion of the ſweetneſs of my preſent ſafety, of my future glory.

Lord make me every day more earneſt in this holie dutie; O give me ſuch affectionate deſires, ſuch holy longings, ſuch inſatiate appetites, ſuch earneſt importunities of heart for heavenlie graces, that I may not onlie beg of thee, but

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even wreſtle with thee for this bleſſing, although the ſinful deſires of my corrupt fleſh go halting to the grave.

Be merciful unto me (O Lord) for my ſoul truſteth in thee, and in the ſhadow of thy wings will I make my refuge until theſe calamities (of ſins and miſeries) be overpaſt.

Lord hear the voice of my humble Petitions when I cry unto thee, when I hold up my hands towards thy mercie ſeat, ſhew thy ſervant the light of thy countenance, and ſave me for thy mercie ſake, Pſ. 28. 2. Pſ. 31. 18.

CHAP. 31.

upon the great neglect of Reading the ſacred Scriptures.

ALaſs my ſoul, how unbeſeeming thy profeſſion is this thy backwardneſs to holy duties? how long wilt thou grovell on this Element of Earth? how long be cheated with theſe counterfeit commodities, theſe childiſh toyes of outward enjoyments? what ſweetneſs canſt thou find in thoſe things which ſavour of corruption? what comfort in thoſe joyes which are but vain, vexatious, toyſom, tranſitory? whoſe ſeeming beauties are ſuddenly paſſing, never returning: O let this move thee to delight in that which cannot paſs, to remember whence thou art, and whether thou art going, that thou maieſt thereby raiſe thy thoughts to immortality.

Look upon the beauty of thoſe ſacred leaves, and thou wilt loath the falſhood of this worlds embraces; Thou maieſt there find the ſum of all that was, or is, or is to come, conducing to

thy real happineſſe; There is nature unbowelled, hell opened, and heaven unveiled; Thou mayſt there ſee the creature to be vanity, thy ſelf miſery, thy Saviour felicity; Thou haſt there his counſel to guide thee, his wiſdom to inſtruct thee, his power to ſuſtain thee, his gifts to encourage thee, his threatnings to admoniſh thee, his mercies to allure thee, his judgments to deter thee, his holy Spirit to comfort thee: There is antiquitie, ſtrangeneſs, truth, in hiſtory; wonder in miracles, amazement in prophecie, ſoundneſs in precepts, ſweetneſs in promiſes; each ſillable contained in this Book is matter of eternal moment. Take heed therefore, that thou paſſeſt by no portion of this ſacred volume lightly, nor pryeſt into any preſumptuouſly; holy diligence is often bleſt with heavenly knowledge, and humble ignorance with heavenly grace.

Lord, ſeeing that thy word is in it ſelf ſo excellently rich, and in its uſe ſo abſolutely good, with what earneſtneſs of ſoul ought I to embrace it? with what holy diligence peruſe it? with what devout cheerfulneſs, and conſtancy of heart, apply my ſelf unto it? Theſe high perfections ſhall religiouſly oblige me to repair my former neglects, by my preſent promiſes of my future performances.

No day ſhall henceforth paſs me, without ſome time alotted for this holy exerciſe, cuſtom will make it eaſie, profit ſweet; if the troubleſom affairs of this life do ſometimes (to my ſouls grief) diſturb me in it (by thy grace aſſiſting) they ſhall never divert me from it; what is borrowed from this bleſſed task, by inforced neceſſity, ſhall be repayed with advantage by the

next happy opportunity. Lord, all is but vanity and meer nothing, in compare of thee, and thy service: If I cannot be willingly holy, I shall never be joyfully happy.

Blessed Lord,

So sanctifie my sinful soul, that I may joyfully perform those promises I make unto thee; that I may dailie dedicate some part and portion of my sinful hours, to read some portion of thy sacred Scriptures: O let them ever be the joy of my joy, the life of my life, the light of mine eyes, and comfort of my heart.

Lord turn away mine eies (from these outward enjoyments) lest they behold vanity, and quicken me in thy way.

Give me an humble soul, that I may read thy blessed lines with holy fear and awfull reverence; that I may be piously delighted with them and happilie instructed by them.

Give me a discerning soul, that I may see the wonderful things of thy law, that I may trulie love it, and delight in it, that my heart may be inflamed by it, and my tongue to be ever talking of it.

O let thy Statutes be my song in the house of my pilgrimage, that I may walk in thy waies with constancy, that I may run in thy race with fervencie. Amen.

CHAP. 32.

upon the neglect of Divine Meditation.

WHat doest thou here on earth, O my soul? why art thou so perplexed with the cares and sorrows of this sinful life? so care-

careleſſe of the joies in that to come? Who can judge him likely to inherit Heaven, that loves not to think of it? Thou mayſt meaſure thy degrees of Grace, by thy deſires of Glory: If thy thoughts be not often, and earneſtly taken up with this ſubject, thou haſt juſt cauſe to ſuſpect thy loving it, to fear thy enjoying it; for, *where thy treaſure is, there will thy heart be alſo.*

If thou liveſt the life of Pleaſure, thou art ſo much worſe than a beaſt, by how much thou oughteſt by reaſon to be better; if of Action, thou art ſo much nearer to happineſs, as reaſon is beyond ſenſe, and yet ſo much farther off, as Grace is beyond Nature; if the happie life of heavenlie Meditation, thou art ſo far above vanity, as heaven is above earth, as immortalitie above nature, as glorie above corruption.

O how ſweet are thoſe thoughts which lead me to Eternitie, which raiſe my ſoul above the reach of humane miſerie, that can ſupport me under all the heavie preſſures of ſin, under all the grievous burdens of ſorrow, under all the ſharp aſſaults of Satan; that can make me merrie in life, and triumphant in death.

Nothing can more trulie repreſent me to my ſelf, and inform me that I am all earthlie, than the dulneſs and backwardneſs of my thoughts to be heavenlie: Who can ever hope to be an inhabitant of that City, whoſe language he cannot ſpeak? Lord, when my thoughts are more zealouſly affected with thy heavenly joies, I ſhall then hope to be more frequentlie acquainted with thy heavenlie viſits;

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by my careleſs neglect of the one, I am now juſtly deprived of the ſweet enjoyments of the other; while I am wedded to this wretched world, my thoughts muſt needs ſavour of corruption: But if thou, Lord, wilt once open mine eyes to ſee the glorious beauty of my heavenly home, I ſhall then know, and joyfully confeſs, that one hour thus ſpent, will add more comfort to my ſoul, more true content to my deſires, than all theſe outward bleſſings, and I ſhall then account, and joyfullie confeſs with thy Apoſtle, that all things are but loſs, and dung, in compare of the richneſs of thy love in Chriſt Jeſus.

For thou O bleſſed Saviour, art the bleſſed Fountain of eternal happineſs, the joy of my heart, the triumph of my joy, the comfort of my life, the ſafety of my body, the reſt of my ſoul, without thee I am far worſe than nothing, and with thee I enjoy all things; for thou art in the Father, and I in thee, and thou in me; and in this happy union is contained that fruition, is enjoyed that for ever-bleſſed viſion, in which the ſouls and bodies of thy Saints eternally delight themſelves.

O thou ſoveraign of my ſoules eternal comfort, how unworthy am I to enjoy thee, that have been hitherto ſo much unmindful of thee, how undeſerving to behold thee in that glory, that am ſo daily guilty of thy great diſhonour.

Lord raiſe my thoughts to immortalitie, and fix my ſoul upon the love of ſweet eternity; let my chiefeſt joy be, ever to contemplate thee, who art my chiefeſt good.

Pardon thoſe wretched hours that have been loſt in ſearch of outward happineſs; O make me

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to redeem them, by abandoning the creature, and placing my affections wholly on the beautie of the great Creator, expatiate my sinful soul with daylie meditations of my future joyes, that I may love thee more fervently, fear thee more dutifully, desire thee more earnestly, long for thee more heartily, embrace thee more faithfully, and think of thee more joyfully, to my lives end. Amen.

CHAP. 33.

upon unchristian like Dejectidness in Poverty.

WHy do I excruciate my self with apprehension of a seeming evil? how unworthy am I of this life, which I hold from that God, whom I dare not trust? will God feed me with the delicates of heaven, and not give me bread? will he give me full draughts, of the rivers of his eternal pleasures, and not afford me temporal refreshments? shall my death be precious in his eyes, and my life uncomfortable in mine own? can there be any evil, and the Lord hath not done it? shall he do it, and shall I complain? if poverty be evil in it self, yet it is good for me; the evil of sin hath drawn upon me this evil of punishment; so this evil is from nature, and the good from grace? By this affliction I am weaned from the world, and made desirous of my heavenly home; I am now put in mind, that my treasure being there, my heart should be there also; I am now fully assured (by my patience and humility under this affliction, and by the quiet fruits of righteousnes it daily bring-

bringeth forth in me) that I am Gods child; that as I am now made partaker of my Saviours sufferings so I shall be hereafter of his glory; that I part with earthly contentments, to enjoy heavenly comforts. Lord, when thou lendest me thy staff of consolation, I shall be well able to endure thy rod of affliction; although my body be worse, I shall then find my soul to be much better, my present condition happy, my future blessed.

In what estate soever I am, I will think that best, because thou (Lord) hast put me there: if my calling be low, my account will be the less? if I discharge this faithfully, I shall not lose my reward. Thou O Lord, lookest not upon my greatness, but my goodness, my faithfulness in thy service: a pin in thy material Temple was as useful as a stone; If I be any thing in thy spiritual, it is enough; yet let me not content my self with easiness and indifferency in heavenly blessings, but labour to supply mine outward wants by inward graces; so shall this earthly bitterness be turned into spiritual sweetness, and eternal blessedness.

Thou (O Lord) hast allotted me my portion in this life, most agreeable to thy divine Wisdom, most suitable to my frail condition; and why take I then thought for to morrow? sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof: Thou alloweſt me lawful means for increasing of it, thou forbiddest me repining thoughts to distrust thee in it; Lord let me first seek thy Kingdom, and the righteousness thereof, and then I know assuredly, that all things needful for me shall be added to me.

O thou blessed Saviour of the world, who for my sake wert willing to endure the scornful poverty of this life, to purchase my redemption, teach me by thine example, and for thy sake, to undervalue all the glorious pomps of these enticing vanities, that though my body be despised by the world, my sinful soul may be accepted with thee, and both soul and body may eternally be happy where thou art.

Lord, by how much (by thy great sufferings) thou wert made the vilder for me, by so much (by thy rich mercy) let thy love be ever dearer to me.

O give me graces suitable to all events; let not prosperity puff me up, nor adversity too much deject me; but for thy mercy sake, let happiness in Christ be all in all unto me; make me humble in the one, patient in the other, thankful in either, happy in both.

Grant (Lord) that no ungodly care, or sinful sorrow, may disturb me, that I may with willingness, and thankfulness, and joyfulness of heart, contentedlie relie upon thee.

Enrich my heart with heavenly thoughts, give me that better part which cannot be taken from me; Lord, what thou denyest me of these outward comforts, make good unto me by thine inward mercies, that all these earthly things may work together to the best to mine advantage, so shall my present poverty be an undoubted earnest of my future Glory. Amen.

CHAP.

CHAP. 34.

upon ſickneſs, and ungodly repining thereat.

AS every good and perfect gift is from above, ſo is alſo every puniſhment for ſin, by every proportion of ſorrow; *For miſery, cometh not out of the duſt, neither doth affliction ſpring out of the earth,* Job. 1. 5,6 That Divine Goodneſs, which wiſely and affectionately diſpoſeth all things to the good of his choſen, by his holy providence hath ſuited their degrees, limited their powers, and appointed their ends; every pain in ſickneſs, every pang in death, have their juſt number, weight, and meaſure.

It is the Lord, let him do what he will; nothing can befal me, but by his Divine allowance; nothing ſhall diſmay me, that my God inflicteth on me: if my viſitation be grievous I am ſure it is ſafe; *For He chaſtiſeth me for my profit, that I may be partakers of his holineſs.*

Bleſſed be that ſorrow which allureth me from ſin, bleſſed be that miſery that inviteth me to mercy, I kiſs it, I embrace it, and with humbleneſs of heart I joyfully and patiently ſubmit unto it: *The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh, bleſſed be the name of the Lord,* Job 1. 21.

I humbly confeſs (Lord) that my great and grievous ſins have moſt juſtly deſerved this great and grievous affliction, that thou mighteſt long ſince have deprived me of my life, for depriving thee of thine honour; that I am moſt unworthy of this thy gentle viſitation, for I am full of rottenneſs and corruption, and therefore

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can expect no other, but to be fill'd with sorro
and affliction; thou hast given me a body f
thy service, but I have defiled it with sin a
wickedness; thou gavest me a soul enriche
with thy heavenly graces, but I have defaced
with unthankfulness and disobedience; no f
culty of my soul, no member of my body, b
are most impure, and sinful in thy sight. Tho
(O Lord) knowest all my foolishness, and m
faults are not hid from thee; thou seest ho
vainly I have mis-spent my pretious time, ho
carelessly abused that continued health whi
thou hast given me; how seriously been busi
on the Creature, how wretchedly neglect
thee the great Creator.

Thou hast often weaned me from sin, by t
blessed motions, by thy gracious admonition
by thy gentle visitations, by a wasted body, a
a wounded soul; and yet I still sin, witho
ceasing, without sorrowing, without repentin
such are my faults, so grievous mine offence
that I now blush to name those sins before the
by which I have so often and so foolishly r
bell'd against thee: and now after all this,
though thou hast with lasting patience wait
my return, and are inforced to withdraw t
present mercy, yet thou art moved to beho
my present misery; even in thy very wrath th
hast compassion on me, *Habac.* 3. 2. while th
seemest (by this present sickness) to withho
thy favour from me, thou graciously intende
by this blessed means, to shew thy self mo
lovingly unto me; for, *I know Lord, that t
judgments are just, and that thou of very fait
fulness hast caused me to be troubled*, Psal. 119.
Therefore, *Though thou killest me, yet will I tr*

in thee, Job 13. 15. *Though; I walk through the valley of the ſhadow of death, yet will I fear no evil*, Pſal. 32. 4. Behold Lord, I am willingly, and joyfullie, and thankfullie in thy hands, do with me what thou wilt; if I live, I ſhall praiſe thee, if I die (I truſt) I ſhall go home unto thee, and be for ever bleſſed with thee.

O thou Father of mercies, and God of all conſolations, behold me thy ſick ſervant, with thine eye of pity and compaſſion; O remember not my former ſins, but have mercy upon me (O Lord) and that ſoon, for I am come unto great extremity.

O Lord my God, I am troubled, I am bowed down greatlie, I go mourning all the day long; thou writeſt bitter things againſt me, and makeſt me poſſeſs the iniquities of my youth; O let the ſweetneſs of thy mercy qualifie the ſharpneſs of thy Fatherly correction; conſider me, O Lord, that I am but duſt, full of frailties and infirmities, forgive me for thy mercy ſake.

Remember not the ſinful failings of my youth, but according to the richneſs of thy goodneſs, be thou mindful of me.

O righteous Father, look not on the multitude and hainouſneſs of mine offences, but look upon the bitter paſſion of thy bleſſed Son, he was wounded for my tranſgreſſions, he was broken for mine iniquities, O by his (Bleſſed) ſtripes let my ſinful ſoul be healed.

Enable me to ſuffer this thy gentle viſitation, with that meekneſs, and contentedneſs of ſaul, that becometh thy child; and ſo bleſs it unto me, that it may bring forth in me the quiet and the happie fruit of righteouſneſs, that it may drive

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my thoughts to immortalitie, and fix my ſoul upon eternity.

Bleſſed Lord, my hope is in thee, my ſoul truſteth in thee, and under the ſhadow of thy wings ſhall be my refuge, until this miſery be overpaſt. O Lord conſider my complaint, for I am brought very low.

Let my preſent anguiſh more prevail with thee, to move thee to compaſſion, than my former fooliſhneſs, to ſtir thy wrath and indignation, O enter not into judgment with thy ſervant, for no fleſh is righteous in thy ſight.

Lord, I confeſs my wickedneſs, and am ſorry for my ſin; for thy Names ſake, O Lord, be merciful unto my ſin, for it is great; my confuſion is daily before me, and the ſhame of my face hath covered me; my heart is diſquieted within me, and the fear of death is fallen upon me: Lord, I am thine, O ſave me for thy mercy ſake; into thy hands I commend my ſelf, for thou haſt redeemed me, O Lord thou God of Truth.

Forſake me not, O Lord my God, be not thou far from me, haſt thee to help me, O Lord God of my ſalvation. O ſpare me, for thy mercy ſake, that I may recover my ſtrength, before I go hence, and be no more ſeen. Amen.

CHAP. 35.

upon the miſery of life, and bleſſedneſs of Death.

I Am a Pilgrim, and a Stranger here, as all my Fathers were, I am wearied with travel, and long to be at reſt; I am lodged here but with great coſt, and greater danger; this ſeeming ſweetneſs hath coſt me much true ſorrow,

row, many bitter ſighs, and aking hearts, diſturbance of body, diſtraction of ſoul; I have ſought for help here below, but can find none, no creature on Earth to relieve me, none to ſupport me; I have ſeen pleaſure to be folly, and laughter madneſs, men of low degree to be vanity, of high degree a lye, their underſtanding vain; their labours vain, their help much more vain; for who can ranſome the ſoul of his brother, ſure man muſt let that alone for ever. My ſubſtance is a meer ſhadow, and my reſt unquietneſs; I labour for holineſs, but I cannot attain it; I ſearch for happineſs, but I cannot find it; the Devil beguiles me of it, the World allures me from it; yea, (ſo ſad is my condition) that mine own ſoul is againſt mine own contentment. My underſtanding couſens me, mine affections betray me, my memory forſakes me; thoſe things which I would do, I cannot, and I daily do thoſe things which I would not; all that I am, all that I can be in this life, is nothing elſe but extreme vanity.

What ſhall I think of all this? and wherewith ſhall I comfort me? by thy mercy, Lord, I have found out one that can relieve me; Thou (O my bleſſed Saviour) art unto me life, and by thee death is unto me advantage; while my body ſleeps it ſhall reſt, and that reſt ſhall be truly bleſſed; I ſhall reſt from labour, from ſorrow, from ſin; my ſleep ſhall be ſafe, my viſion happy; while my body ſleepeth my ſoul ſhall awake; when my ſoul is uncloathed of fleſh, and fleſh of beauty, my Spirit ſhall be made ready with the robes of glory; while my duſt is inſenſible, my Spirit is intelligible; mine eyes ſhall be then opened, and I ſhall ſee

even as I am seen, with purity, and perfection of soul; no veil of nature shall obscure me, no defect of organs hinder me, no clouds of sin molest me; mine understanding shall be clear, mine affections pure, my memory perfect; I shall there be satisfied in beholding, ravished in injoying, blessed in retaining: nothing can be there wanting where I enjoy all that was, that is, that is to come; where the happy humanity is eternally united to the blessed deity, where I am Christs, and Christ is Gods. O happy condition of my sinful body, O blessed change of my immortal soul, the one is sowen in corruption that it may rise to immortality; the other layeth down corruption, to inherit glory; though I now leave it, I still long to enjoy it, and joy exceedingly in longing for it, because I know I shall for ever be united to it.

But wo is me, even in this happiness I am still miserable, I have found out my quiet, but I care not to enjoy it; death offers me a crown, and I refuse to accept it; am I so senseless to affect mine own unhappinesse? to rejoyce in labour, and complain of rest? what do I here any longer? the world loves me not, nor I it; why do I thus dote upon mine enemy? when it frowns, it afflicts me, when it smiles, it betrayes me; there is nothing in it but weariness and misery.

Go out therefore, O my soul, go out cheerfully, from thy prison to thy palace, God is thy father, and heaven thy country; thou art here distressedly poor, and wretchedly naked, bereaved of graces, dispoyled of goodness, thou hast there much treasure, and of great price, a fair

fair manſion, and a goodly heritage; Chriſt ath purchaſed it, and is gone before to pre-are it: Thou longeſt much in this life to be-old that which thou never ſaweſt; here are reat and glorious things prepared for thee, ch as eye hath not ſeen, ear hath not heard, either have entred into the heart of man to onceive; how earneſtly ſhouldſt thou long to e them? how much more earneſtly to enjoy hem? how willingly ſhould this make thee to xpreſs thy ſelf with holy *David*, and ſay, *My ul is athirſt for God, yea even for the living God, hen ſhall I come and appear before the preſence of y God.*

Alaſs my ſoul, thou art here but groping in he dark, daily erring and miſtaking, hourly umbling and falling into ſin, into ſhame, into o ſorrow, in great dangers of the miſeries of ife, in greater of the torments of eternal death.

All that thou knoweſt here is to know thy elf ignorant: Thou only knoweſt things here y their events, thou ſhalt there know them in heir firſt cauſes; thou art here wearied out in aining this imperfect, lame, and empty know-edge, thou ſhalt there delight thy ſelf in know-ng all that is deſireable, by knowing him in whom are all the treaſures of wiſdom and know-edge; theſe drops of tranſitory joyes are full of bitterneſs, thoſe rivers of eternal pleaſures, re derived from the fountain of eternal ſweet-neſs; thou haſt here vain pomp to delight thee, hou haſt there a far greater and more exceed-ng weight of glory to encompaſs thee; thou rt here enthralled by the miſery of life, hou art there enlarged by the bleſſedneſs of leath.

Bleſſed

Bleſſed Lord, all this by grace I know, and faithfully believe; and yet by nature I am ſtill blind, and ignorant, unable to diſcern unwilling to deſire thoſe bleſſed things which are belonging to mine everlaſting peace, but when thou (in thy rich mercy) ſhalt once open mine eyes, to ſee the beauty of my heavenly home, I ſhall then entirely love it, and unfeignedly long for it; I ſhall then moſt willingly forſake theſe tottering walls of my frail fleſh, to dwell with thee in perfect holineſs and endleſs happineſs, that frailty may be ſwallowed up of immortality, and immortality may be embraced by eternity.

O thou which wert, and art to come, who haſt ſweetned death by thy perfect obedience, and perfumed the grave by thy bleſſed ſufferings, ſuffer me not in my laſt hour, for any pains of death, or terrours of hell, to fall from the faſt hold of a true and lively faith, in thy promiſes, to loſe the precious hopes of immortality, and ſweet enjoyments of eternity.

Lord let me then ſay with thy bleſſed Apoſtle, That I know whom I have truſted, that he will keep what I have delivered to him, and reſtore it ſafely unto me at that day.

Let me ſeriouſly conſider of the miſery of life, and bleſſedneſs of death; acquaint me every day with the remembrance of it, and bleſs me every hour with a deſire unto it; that I may willinglie uncloath my ſelf of ſin and miſery, and joyfully be cloathed upon with immortalitie.

O Lord prepare me for that bleſſed hour, and in my greateſt weakneſs and extremity, even

then

then when all the comforts of this wretched life shall fail me, Lord Jesus forsake me not, be not thou far from me.

O give me then that inward joy, that blessed comfort of thy holie Spirit, that may support and comfort me in all the terrors and amazements of this dark and unknown passage, in all the dreadful accusations of the devil, and mine own accusing conscience.

Lord let thy blessed Spirit then witness to my soul, that I am thy child, that thou wilt purge away all my dross, and take away all my sins; that I am powerfully protected by thy grace, and shall assuredlie be made partakers of thy glorie. Amen.

CHAP. 36.

upon the great neglect of opportunities in doing good unto the Saints.

Lord,

WHen I call to mind the richnes, and the largnes of thy bounty towards me, I am much grieved at the coldnes, and the careles nes of my affections towards thine; each object of charitie is an opportunitie of mercy; If I neglect it, I am unkind to thee my Saviour, cruel to my neighbour, injurious to mine own soul.

I am not, Lord, but Steward of thine outward blessings, and it were now just with thee, to call me to a strict account: If any of thy Saints suffer, which thou sendest unto me for relief, their sufferings thou wilt surelie require at my hands: as each cup of cold water which

I have given in thy name, ſhall not loſe its r
ward, ſo each farthing which I ow unto thee
thy members, will aſſuredly require its everla
ing puniſhment.

I have been too carefullie ſolicitous for t
things of this life, too careleſſie negligent of t
treaſures in that to come: I have had ma
waies to deprive my ſelf of my preſent comfo
of my future happineſs; when my talent ha
been large, I have had no leiſure, when litt
no ability to works of mercy. The preſent n
ceſſities of thy Saints have been daily negle
ed, upon the falſe pretence of future oppor
nities; and thoſe future opportunities ag
put off by the dilatorie plea of mine own p
ſent neceſſities: Thus have I long kept
ſelf in a circulation of ſelf-couzenage, a
have ſo lived here as if I were never to go hen
and were utterly ignorant for what cauſe I ca
hither.

From whence is this my great neglect of c
rity towards my brethren, but from my grea
want of love to thee my God, and fr
whence my diſobedience to thy precepts,
from mine unbelief of thy promiſes? Th
biddeſt me Give, and haſt promiſed it ſ
be given unto me, good meaſure, ſhaken to
ther, preſſed down, and running over, *Luk*
38. Thou commandeſt me not to be weary
well doing, and haſt promiſed, that in
time I ſhall reap, if I faint not, *Epheſ.* 6.
If I did believe the one, I ſhould gladly p
form the other; and whoſe word ſhall I t
(Lord) if I dare to queſtion thine? All
bleſſed promiſes are Yea and Amen, the beg
ning ſweet, the end certain; as thou haſt bot

for my tears, and a bag for my transgressions, so thou hast also a book for mine Alms-deeds, *Acts*, 10, 4. Not one of them shall be forgotten, but even the very least of them shall be graciously accepted, gloriously rewarded; not for my work sake, but for thy promise sake, not for mine own sake, but for my Saviours sake: Lord I can merit nothing at thy hands but by thine own mercie.

And now Lord, let me examine, What I have gained, by my want of charity. I have exchanged Heaven to enjoy earth, I have parted with thee my Saviour, in whom are all the treasures that are true and eternal, for the very basest part of earth, which is vain and uncertain; I have lost those blessed opportunities of doing good which can never be recalled, and together with them, those rewards of thine, which shall never be enjoyed. I have offended thee my God, grieved thy Saints, burdened mine own conscience, and been an utter enemy to mine own salvation.

As my affections have been frozen towards others, so have I justly found the gifts and graces of thy holie Spirit, decaying dailie in mine own soul; my love cold to thy law, mine ears deaf to thy precepts, my mouth dumb to thy praises; my faith dead to thy promises, my hope fainting, my zeal languishing, my joy perishing. These are the sad and sure effects of want of charity, the beginning sinful, the progress dangerous, the end desperate.

Lord if those heavenly spirits, whose very names import their ardency of love to thy glory, are yet found cold enough in thy sight, with what horror and confusion of face, will those

wretched ſouls appear before thee, who have not been ſo much as lukewarm in thy ſervice;

By thy grace (Lord) I will therefore henceforth make a godlie improvement of all future opportunities of doing good; whatſoever thine allowance is unto me, of theſe outward bleſſings, I will dedicate ſome due proportion of it unto works of mercie; and cheerfullie, and thankfullie truſt thee my God with the ſuſtentation of my body, upon whoſe bleſſed protection, I ſafelie relie for the eternal preſervation of my ſoul.

My heart, my hand, my tongue, mine actions, ſhall be alwaies readie to relieve the neceſſities, to promore the good of thy children; and as this happy reſolution hath had its beginning from thy grace, ſo ſhall its aim be wholie at thy glorie.

Bleſſed Lord,

Such is thy gracious goodneſs unto thine, that thou even preventeſt them with thy bleſſings; while they call upon thee thou art ready to anſwer, and before they ſpeak unto thee thou art willing to hear.

Lord. I am thy child, and am therefore bold to crave a bleſſing of thee, and what is now more ſuitable to my neceſſities, than the ſweet infuſion of thy holie Spirit? for I now find (to my grief of heart) that the forein heart of the pleaſures and profits of this life have extracted from me the inward heat of my deſires and longings for thy bleſſed preſence; the adventitious heat of the love of this world hath quite conſumed in me the natural heat of my zeal to thy kingdom

Lord

Lord, kindle in me those decaying sparks of thy grace, that they may now grow up into a bright flame of fervent affections to thy glorie, and thy childrens good.

Teach me to know that godlineſs is great gain, and that the trueſt treaſures are thoſe which are laid up with thee in thy Kingdom.

Lord pardon my neglects of holie duties; forgive my deadneſs, and my dulneſs unto works of mercie; repair my ſinful breaches by thy preſent graces: O let the fervour of my future charity become a pleaſing ſacrifice to expiate my former miſery; to reconcile my ſoul (in Chriſt) to endleſs miſery. Amen.

CHAP. 37.

Upon the deceitfulneſs of the heart in the performance of holy duties.

NOthing is more common amongſt Chriſtians than to be deluded by the ſhew of holie actions; the heart of man is deceitful above all things, who can know it? holy performances are uſuallie accompanied with helliſh temptation; when the Shipes of our ſoules is under ſail, and hath the freſheſt way for heaven, we have then moſt need to look to our ſteerage, to have an eye to the compaſs and land-marks.

Which of our holie duties (which are the ſhips we ſail in to the ports of happineſs) have not their rocks to ſplit upon, or Remoraes to hinder them, or croſs winds to divert them, or leaks to ſink them, or ſeas to overwhelm them;

when we arrive at any small measure of goodnes, we many times rest in it, and grow se cure upon it: if grace carry us on farther, w are too apt to believe that we are far bette than our Neighbours, that we are highly i Gods favour, and cannot but deserve his fa therly protection, his liberal remuneration; an and so by this secret insinuation of pride i our hearts, wee have folly in our hands, sin in our minds, and shame in our actions.

That prayer is very rare, that is not sick o some distemper; that charity very pure, tha can admit of no mistakes, and that performanc very perfect, that is not soyled with some filth of wickednes: How willing are our thought to wander in our prayers? how cold and careles are we in them? and how remiss in the perfor mance of them? where is that constancy, tha fervency, that holy importunitie of Spirit tha is required of us in this holie exercise? which o us can truly say, that (throughout the whol course of his whole life hitherto) he ever put u one prayer unto Almightie God, that was no cumbred with distracted thoughts, that needed not a present pardon? I tremble at mine own and grieve at others failings (O let my severest censures of my brothers sins, be assured sins o my best love) How far are we (even the very best of us) from that purity, and perfection o soul which becometh this holie durie? and ye how ready are we, even the very worst of us to believe our selves sufficientlie, holie, assured lie happy.

We content our selves usuallie with the very shels and husks, and outsides of Religion with shews and shadows of devotion; with customary

omary, cold prayers; intermitted, undigested
adings; careless, inconsiderate meditations,
ypocritical, pharisatical fastings; popular Alms-
eeds, having onlie the shew of godliness, but
enying the power thereof: All these, and what-
ever else are like to these, are odious to God,
hominable to good men, and most destructive
their souls that are deluded by them.

When, by the sweet assistance of the heaven.
e goodness, and gentle breathings of his
lessed Spirit, we are drawing nearer to our
aven; when the anguish distempers of the
oul are abated, and her native and radical heat
grown strong and vigorous; then the fer-
encie of our zeal is a rich evidence of the
velines of our faith, of the certainty of our
ope, of the perfection of our charity? when
ur affections are inflamed with Gods love,
nd our actions aim onlie at his glorie; when
we are grown up to that happie state of grace,
hat our consciences are pure, our resolutions
odlie, our conversations unblamable; al-
hough we dare not then propose these base
nd by-respects, these outward aims, unto our
elves, yet how cunninglie and closelie will
orruptions steal in upon us, even in these very
blessed Acts of grace? This is too trulie pro-
ved, too sadlie experienced, even by the very
est of Christians: (Lord in thy rich mercie)
give us eyes to discern it, hearts to avoid
t.

How often may we find pride in our humi-
litie, lust in our desires of chastitie, our own
private ends in our proposals of Gods pub-
lique interest? when we bear a part amongst the
mourners of *Sion*, when we are cast down for

ſome humane fraeltie, we preſently conceiv highly of our own holineſs, and very meanl of others in their relations unto happineſs while we have ſought to become better, by th propoſal of ſome ſtrict rules, to preſerve ch ſtity, have we not many times become worſ by poyſoning thoſe deſires by very unclea thoughts, and unclean actions? How man while they have ſincerely aimed at Gods glor by the holy propoſal and happy performance ſome real good, for the benefit of his childre have been ſecretlie ſurprized with the by-end their own, deſerved praiſe? Lord, how readil have I now met with mine own ſins, to thy grea glory, and mine own deſerved ſhame? I willingl confeſs that I am guilty of all this, and infinite ly more than this; even theſe very lines ar witneſſes againſt me, of my ſecret corrupti ons; O let this my ſorrowful confeſſion purchaſ for thee my free and full remiſſion, that tho maieſt have the glory, I the comfort, of thei weak endeavours.

And now Lord, ſeeing I am thus impure, an ſinful in mine own eyes, even in the very beſt o my performances, how loathſom muſt I needs ap pear in thy ſight, who art purity it ſelf, an canſt not behold iniquity! Bleſſed Lord, as tho haſt given me the light of thy Word to diſcove me unto my ſelf, ſo give me alſo the ſword o thy Spirit, to deliver me from my ſelf.

Deliver me, O Lord, from the evil man, from min own ſecret corruption, and unknown abominations

Although I am unto mine own ſoul both ruin and deſtruction; yet let my bleſſed Saviour b unto me ſafety and ſalvation,

Searc

Search my heart (O Lord) and try my reins; O let no base and by-respects inhabit there, to rob thee of thine honour; no false and vain respects, to cheat me of my present holiness, and future happiness.

Pardon and pass by the secret and unknown errours of my sinful life, suppress the great disturbances of my corrupt affections, although they many times prevail against me, yet let thy saving grace (Lord) be sufficient for me.

Lord make me purelie and entirelie holie; let me love holiness, neither for fear of thy punishments nor for hope of thy rewards, but for thy sake only (O my God) who art holiness it self. Let me never think my self holie enough, but forget all those holie actions which are past, and press hard forward towards the mark, for the rich price of the high calling in Christ Jesus.

Lord, crown my holie desires with happy performances, and blessed perseverance, that at the end of my race I may receive the end of my hopes the salvation of my pretious soul, and that for his sake, and perfect holiness, by whom I trust these weak, and sinful endeavours of mine, shall be graciously accepted, and faithfully rewarded. Amen.

CHAP. 38.

Upon the unruliness of the Tongue, with necessary cautions to restrain it.

Lord,

THY servant *David* is said to be a man after thine own heart, and yet I find him setting a watch before his lips, that he might not offend

offend with his tongue if such a chosen vessel as he had so much need of circumspection, what holy cautions had I need to use, what strict rules so observe, who am so far from *David*'s purity, that I am nothing else but wilfull impiety? I am to far (Lord) from being at union with thee, that I am even enmity it self against thee.

In vain had holy *David* set a watch before his lips, unless he had first set a guard upon his heart; where the fountain is impure, the streams can never be wholesom; if the heart be full of sinful corruption, the tongue will soon overflow with corrupt and sinful communication.

Lord, I need none other proof of this point, than mine own sinful failings; how often have I provoked thee to anger, and displeasure against me, by that usual, but most fearful sin of swearing? of which, with shame and sorrow I confess, my younger years were sadly guilty; since when, time and experience having added more light to my mind, but thou (O Lord) especially more grace to my heart, when I would have left it, to my great grief I could not; and had not that thy saving and preventing grace restrained my depraved nature, this sin had doubtless been a sad memorial to my grave: such is the power of sin once grown habitual. O let my sorrowful confession be the readers useful instruction, that thou maiest have the glory, I the shame of my mis-doing.

Lord, I have often sinned against thee, by my wretched violation of the truth, in envious detractions from the good of my neighbour, vainglorious aggravations of mine own abilities, censorious taxations of my brethrens infirmities, indulgent diminutions of mine own iniquities.

I have

I have often grieved thy good Spirit, by which thou hast sealed me up unto the day of redemption, by my vain and idle communications, by my rash and sinful exprobations, by my weak and froward objurgations, to the great dishonour of thee my God, to the continual grief of thy Saints, to the sad disturbance of my self.

All this (to my hearts grief) have I often done, and by all this I may now plainly see, how much I have hitherto been the servant of sin, and Satan, how great an enemy to thy glorie, and to the good of mine own soul: But now, Lord, by thine assistance, my special care shall henceforth be, to allow my self no liberty of speech, but what is aiming at eternity; if my heart be heavenlie, my words will be gracious, my actions holy, mine end happy; and that all this may be so indeed (by thy grace Lord) I will observe with carefulness, and constancy, these following cautions.

1. Before I speak, I will consider, that I am in thy blessed presence, that what is once spoken can never be recalled, but is recorded for eternitie.

2. That each idle word must be accounted for, and that my whole life hitherto hath been little else but vain and empty discourse, tending much to thy dishonour, the hurt of my neighbour, and (without mercy in Christ) the destruction of my own soul.

3. That there is no truer testimony of a graceless heart, than a licencious tongue; that if I be not holy in my discourse, I can never be happy in mine actions.

4. That it is impossible for those prayers to be

be pleasing to God, which are offered up with that sinful member, that is so shamefully defiled with evil and corrupt communications amongst men.

5. That If I make a mock at Christianity by having only a form of godliness in mine outward actions, but denying the power thereof in my usual conversation, God will one day pay me home, by shewing me the richness of his sufferings, but denying me the benefits thereof, and the sweet enjoyments thereby.

6. That without holiness no man shall see the Lord; and that such as is my common, and most accustomed discourse in my life, I may well fear will be my last, and most uncomfortable expression at my death.

7. Unto all this I will add the shortness, misery, and uncertainty of a sinful life; the horrour and amazement of a wretched death; the extremity and eternity of torments after death. Lord, when my heart is thus guarded by thy grace, my lips I trust will be ever open to thy praise.

Blessed God,

If thy holy Angel durst not give railing accusations against the Devil; if thy Saints in patience possess their own souls, and their speeches be seasoned with salt, administring grace to the hearers; if thou the blessed Saviour of the world, when thou wert reviled, reviledst not again, but as a lamb before the shearers so openedst thou not thy mouth, with what comfort can I now appear before thee, with what confidence expect a blessing from thee?

With grief and ſorrow I confeſs, that my heart hath ever been full of corruption, and naughtineſs, my mouth full of curſing and bitterneſs, my dailie diſcourſe full of folly and uncleanneſs, the whole diſcourſe of my life full of miſery and wickedneſs.

O that my head were water, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night (that I might mourn continually) for mine own and others ſins.

Lord purifie my heart, and rectifie my tongue, that both may be accepted of thee, and now and ever graciouſlie directed by thee.

Lord, I ackdowledge my faults, and my ſin is ever before me, O let the ſorrowful remembrance of my ſins invite thee to a ſweet remembrance of thy mercies, that thou mayeſt have the praiſe, and I the comfort of thy gracious pardon.

Lord let my heart be inflamed with thy love, and my mouth filled with thy praiſe, that I may ſacrifice my ſoul unto thee, that I may ſanctifie my ſoul before thee, by devout thoughts, by gracious words, and godlie actions, that ſo I may with joyfulneſs and thankfulneſs appear in thy ſight, not only all the day long, but even all my life long, that thou (my God) maieſt be glorified, the Saints delighted, and my ſinful ſoul eternallie comforted. Amen.

CHAP.

CHAH. 39.

upon holy revenge for sin, with motives and encouragements thereunto.

Lord,

I Have ever been too apt to revenge the smallest injuries offered unto me by others, in relation to my outward condition, and too remiss in that holy revenge of those great and insufferable wrongs which I dailie and hourlie obtrude upon mine own soul: this plainly sheweth me to have been too much favouring of flesh and blood, to little mindful of thy kingdom, and the righteousnes thereof: That soul which is truly sensible of its own injury, will (by thy grace) be dayly minding of its own redress; and that sinner which is uncapable of slight offences, will in time become insensible of greater.

My greatest enemies are those of mine own household: The world may allure me, the devil perswade me, but it is mine own false heart alone that betrayes me, and mine own corrupt nature that enslaves me: my greatest care shall therefore be, to bend my strongest force against mine own corruptions; to labour much to subdue mine affections, and to take an holy revenge upon my sinful actions; not to satisfie thy justice, but to implore thy mercie, that I may thereby truly manifest my perfect hatred against sin, and the sincerity of my soul to thy service.

There need none other motives to invite me to this holy dutie, than the woful breaches

sin

ſin hath daily made in my ſoul, ſuch as without mercy) will never be repaired; this is too ſadly proved by the ſenſible decay of goodneſs and the too powerful growth of ungodlineſs in my corrupt heart; as it is eaſie for that Caſtle to ſtand a cloſe ſiege, that is well fortified, man'd and victualled, ſo is it poſſible for that Fort to hold out long which maketh no reſiſtance.

Lord, as mine own ſpiritual ruins have hitherto been cauſed by mine own neglects, ſo (by thy gracious aſſiſtance) mine own repairs ſhall be begun and finiſhed, by my preſent deſires, and future endeavours. That time which I have loſt by former careleſneſs, and coldneſſe in Religion, I will endeavour to redeem by holy vigilance, and Chriſtian fortitude; and that I may ſincerely be what I intend, with willingneſs of heart, I offer up this ſolemn Vow unto thee: Lord, as this holy motion came from thy heavenly Spirit, ſo enable me to the performance of it, by thy grace, to thy glory, and my ſoules eternal comfort.

I vow my ſelf a ſerious and profeſſed enemy to all ungodlineſs; no ſinful thought ſhall ſurpriſe me without a ſorrowful ſigh; an ungracious word paſs me without a ſuddain retraction, and devout confeſſion; no wicked action defile me without a ſincere and godly humiliation; unto each meaſure of ſin I will allow a due meaſure of ſorrow; thoſe ſins that have been reigning over me, ſhall at ſet houres be conſtantly revenged by me; and as my body hath been a deep ſharer in my ſins, ſo it ſhall alſo be a daily ſharer in my ſufferings: I will

at set seasons deny my self somewhat of these outward enjoyments (which thou Lord in mercy hast allowed me) as a true sign of my true sorrow for that sinful excess which I have too often taken without thy allowance. Those sinful houres which have been vainlie lost in idlenesse, and emptinesse, shall be willinglie redeemed in a constant observation of religious duties; no day shall pass me without a solemn and devout task of devotion, no hour without some sweet ejaculation: And when at any time the troubles and disturbances of this frail life shall deny me happy opportunities for these heavenly performances, what is wanting in act, shall be made up in desire; which thou, Lord, I trust will graciouslie accept, and look upon as done, because faithfullie intended.

O thou infinitely wise, and for ever blessed being, that art trulie and eternallie happie, without the sinful service of thy creature; and yet commandest us to serve thee for our own sakes, that we may also be happie in thee; thou that lovest not a false and fickle heart, nor delightest in the sacrifice of fools, give me a wise and understanding heart, that I may seriouslie consider of this sacred Vow; give me a constant and religious heart, that I may chearfully perform what I have faithfullie promised; give me a broken and a contrite heart, that I may bitterlie bewail what I have foolishlie neglected,; that thy great name may be glorified, my sinful life amended, my conscience quietted, my Spirit comforted, thy Saints delighted, thine Angels rejoiced, and my soul and body eternallie

nally ſaved in that great and dreadful day of the Lord Jeſus, to whom with thee, O bleſſed Father, and thine holie Spirit, be all poſſible praiſe, and honour, and glorie, now and for ever. Amen.

CHAP. 40.

upon the bleſſed condition of Gods Saints, with motives and encouragements unto Godlineſs.

Lord,

(IO cloſe up theſe imperfect lines) as I began with that beauty of holineſs, which thou thy ſelf art, and is eſſentially contained in thee, ſo my ſoules deſire is to end with that bleſſedneſs, which we thy Saints enjoy, even in this vale of miſery, and is eternallie derived from thee; that ſo I may begin, and end with thee, who art the beginning and end of thy creature, that I may lead thy Servants from the pure fountain of true holineſs, to the ſweet ſtreams of inward happineſs, wherein we may ſecurelie bath our weary ſoules in reſt and quietneſs, until thy gracious goodneſs ſhall conduct us home, unto the full fruition of thoſe joyful rivers, of thine endleſs pleaſure.

I am no ſooner entred upon this bleſſed ſearch, but I find my ſoul raviſhed with admiration at the greatneſs, with apprehenſion of the goodneſs, with contemplation of the freeneſs of thy love and favour towards me. I ſee the great and glorious God of heaven and earth, from all eternitie, out of thine own gracious goodneſs,

goodneſs, without all poſſibility in me (when I was not) either of deſiring, or deſerving this ineſtimable love of thine, electing me in Chriſt (of whom thou hadſt no need from whom thou couldſt receive no benefit) unto holineſſe and happineſs in this life, and unto bleſſedneſs in that to come; and as I find this love of thine to be purely, ſimply, and admirably and eternally great, ſo it is alſo truly, neceſſarily, ſufficiently and permanently good.

If it were not truly good, it could never make me truly happy; if not neceſſarily good, I might then enjoy happineſs without it; if not ſufficiently good, my happineſs enjoyed by it could not afford me ſatisfaction in it; if not permanently good, what I enjoy in ſatisfaction, I may want in perfection, by being ſuddainly removed from it. But thou, O Lord, haſt graciouſly afforded me all theſe degrees of happineſs, that I might be truly and eternally happy, that I might be happy in thee, becauſe there is no attaining happineſs but by thee, that I may he happy in ſoul, and happy in body, happy in life, and happy in death, happy here, and happy hereafter.

Thou, O my bleſſed Saviour, art ſweeter unto me than all ſweetneſs; thou art that bleſſed All-ſufficiency, by which I am both fully, and for ever ſatisfied? thou art my ſafe repoſe, my inviolable peace, my rich reſt, my ſafety in life, my comfort in death, my glory after death. By thy patient ſufferings, I am more than conqueror of ſin, of ſorrow, of death, of hell; by thy glorious reſurrection I have aſſured hope of immortalitie; by thy bleſſed aſcention of eternal glory; by the one thou haſt power-

powerfully defended me against the rage and malice of devils, by the other thou hast graciously exalted me in thy blessed union with me above the nature of Angels; thy peace thou hast left with me, thy peace thou hast given unto me, even that blessed peace of conscience which the world cannot take from me, and that eternity of peace with thee in thy Kingdom, which thou Lord in thy rich mercy hast prepared for me. O that I might now lose my self with contemplation of thine endless love, that I might be ravished into extasie, with apprehension of my present safety, of my future glory; that all my faculties of soul might be but one entire and pleasing sacrifice of thankfulness unto thee; that as thou (O my Saviour) and the Father are one, so I may be one with thee, to magnifie thy gracious presence here, and to be for ever where thou art hereafter, to see thy great glory, and enjoy mine own endless felicity.

From this for ever blessed fountain of eternal happiness do plentifullie flow those pleasant streams of comfort, to the souls and bodies of the Saints, even in this life, by which they are securely quietted, and joyfully contented, even in the very worst of times, which either mans malice, or the Devils cruelty, can study to inflict upon them; if they receive injuries, they return prayers, they entertain them with a *Father forgive them, for they know not what they do*, Luk. 23. 34. and *Lord lay not this sin to their charge*, Act. 7. 60. And so while they lose outwardly, they gain inwardly (and godliness is great gain) for by patience they possess their own souls.

Their

Their courage is undaunted, for *The righteous is bold as a Lion*, able to encounter the fierceſt affliction, ready to withſtand the ſtrongeſt temptation; if the World frown upon them, they can chearfully ſay, and faithfully believe, that *A ſmall thing which the righteous hath, is better than great riches of the ungodlie*, Pſal. 37. 16. if it ſmile that *They can account all things but loſs and dung in compare of Chriſt Jeſus*; if outward bleſſings be preſent, they are humble under them, and thankful for them; if abſent, *They can patiently tarry for the Lord, for they know he is their help*, Pſal. 33. 14. and that *No good thing will he withhold from them that love him*, Pſal. 34. 1. if ſickneſs ſeize upon them, *The Lord is about their bed, and about their path, and ſpieth out all their waies* (their waies of ſin, and their waies of ſorrow) yea, *He maketh their beds in their ſickneſs*, by eaſe to their bodies, comfort to their ſoules;) if famine threaten them, they have God's promiſe to maintain them, *For the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear him, and upon all thoſe that put their truſt in his mercy, to deliver their ſouls from death and to feed them in their time of ſecurity*, Pſ. 33. 17, 18. if ſudden danger approach them, they have heavenly ſuccour to defend them, for *The Angel of the Lord tarrieth about all them that fear him, to deliver them*; yea even Death it ſelf is an advantage to them, and therefore no waies able to affright them, for *Precious in the ſight of the Lord is the death of his Saints*, and therefore, *Though the Lord kill them, yet will they truſt in him*, Job. 13. 15. Lord, if thy mercy be thus great unto me, while I am yet in my ſinful fleſh, how unſpeakable ſhall I find thy love, when my body is become ſpiritual, my joy eternal?

From

From these outward enjoyments, may well be derived their inward contentments, but by their inward refreshments is enjoyed that incomparable, inconceiveable unutterable sweetness, that blessed peace of God, and joy in the holy Ghost, which passeth all our understanding, God's holy Spirit witnessing with their Spirits, that they are his Childen, and most pretious in his sight, and they are now fully perswaded, with his blessed Apostle, that *Neither Death, nor Life, nor Angels, nor Principalities, nor Powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other Creature, shall be ever able to seperate them from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord*, Rom. 8. 37, 38.

How full of solid comfort is this blessed assurance? how are our soules ravished with apprehension of the sweetness of our present comforts, of the fulness of our future joyes? these blessed earnests of that ever blessed Spirit, are the faithful pledges of his future embraces, far above the reach of Malice to disturb, or Devil to destroy: Hence it is that our faith is precious, our hope lively, our joy glorious, our lives safe, our deaths blessed, and from hence arise those many and those rich endowments of the Saints, their zeal burning, their love wonderful, their desires earnest, their longings insatiate, their Petitions for enjoyings importunate: Lord, what can I desire more of thee, than what I enjoy from thee? I have thy mercy without me, and thy mercy within me, thy mercy in life, and thy mercy in death, thy mercy from the beginning, thy mercy to the end, and thy mercy without end, I am even crowned and encompassed with mercy; O let me now say with holy

David

David, I will alwaies give thanks unto the Lord, and his praise shall be ever in my mouth, Psal. 34. 1. Let me not only praise thee my self, but (with him also) invite others to praise thee, *O praise the Lord with me* (all ye his Saints) *and let us magnifie his name together,* Psal. 34.3. *O taste and see how gracious the Lord is, blessed is that man which putteth his trust in him. Be glad, O ye righteous, and rejoice in the Lord, and be joyful all ye that are true of heart,* Psal. 32. 12.

And now, Lord, having had a taste of the sweetness of thy Saints happiness on earth, I willingly forsake all to follow them; I have too long been straying in the strange pastures of impiety, and am now joyfully desirous to be led home to thy fold, that I may feed in the green and fresh pastures of thy sacred precepts, and drink freely of those waters of comfort in thy blessed promises, that I may so drink that I may never thirst, but be fully satisfied with thy grace in this life, with thy glorie in that to come; O let this evil world neither allure me to its vanities, nor betraie me from thy mercies, but as thou hast overcome the world for me, so (by thy grace assisting) it may be also overcome by me. Thou hast indeed told me, that I shall mourn in it, but my mourning shall be turned into joy, and that my joy shall no man take from me. Lord I believe, help my unbelief; I embrace thy cross, I despise the shame, for that glorie which is set before me, of which I have a safe assurance by the blessed earnest of thy holie Spirit in me: *To thee O Father, Son, and holie Spirit, one eternal, infinite, incomprehensible, and ever blessed Goodness, be all possible praise, honour and glory, now and for ever.* Amen.

O

O thou great God, who hast tender bowels of compassions, and multitudes of mercies for us miserable sinners, who art not easie to be provoked, but ever readie to forgive, who sufferest not thy whole displeasure to arise against us, but even in thy very judgments remembrest mercie, and art then moved with the sight of our miserie, have mercie upon me a great and grievous sinner.

Lord I have sinned, I have transgressed, I have done foolishlie, in departing from thy judgments. But righteousnes belongeth unto thee (O Lord) and unto me shame and confusion of face; O let thy bowels of compassions remove out of thy sight my multitudes of transgressions, that I may now appear before thee with a joyful heart, and happy soul.

Let thy words be sweeter to me than the honie and the honie comb (than the vain pleasures, and false Profits of this life) O let my chiefest joy be in thy service, my greatest delight to walk in thy waies, and all false waies (of pollution and uncleanness) let me utterly abhor.

Give me that inward peace, that quietnes of conscience, which the world cannot take from me, that when I am afflicted by it, I may not be condemned with it.

Lord let me faithfullie believe, and graciouslie improve the constancy of thy love, in the worlds great unconstancie, the richnes of thy mercie in this wretched ages miserie.

O that my eye might drop without ceasing, that my heart might break forth into complaints, and my soul be melted into sorrows, for mine own and other sins, that have occasioned these heavy judgments, these sad camplainings of thy people.

Lord, as I have been a great and grievous sinner amongst them, let so me be a constant and a

true

true mourner for them; as thou hast beheld us sinning, so now also behold us sorrowing, that as our sins have provoked thee to anger, so our tears may move thee to compassion, that thy mercy may be magnified, our miseries relieved, our sorrows comforted. O let not these bitter aggravations of thy judgments extort from us the least measure of impatience, nor beget in us the least degree of distrust; let us neither complain of thy justice, nor despair of thy mercy, but quietlie and thankfully rely upon thee, and in thy blessed hour enjoy a sweet inlargment by thee.

Lord pity the forlorn condition of thy sons and daughters in affliction, repair their outward losses by thine inward graces, that what is wanting to them of these earthly comforts, may be abundantlie supplyed in thy heavenly joyes.

Forgive the great disturbers of the peace of this thy Sion, Lord open their eyes, that they may see how much they have erred from thy waies; Lord sanctifie their hearts, that they may speedily return unto thee, and be for ever graciously accepted of thee, O that thou wouldst give us one heart, and one voice, that we might serve thee without ceasing, that we may be all truly humbled before thee, and truly joyful in thee.

Restore me (for thy rich mercy sake) unto that blessed union of Love, *which is the band of Peace; that as thou our God art one, so thy distressed Church may be one, thy divided people one, their wishes and desires, their prayers and tears, their actions and endeavours one, for thy glory, the Churches safety, and the Nations happiness, That we may have peace with thee our God, peace with our enemies, peace with our own soules, and everlasting peace with thee in thy Kingdom.* Amen

A Comfortable

PRAYER

to be uſed at the point of death by the Viſitors of the Sick.

O Eternal, Almighty, moſt merciful, and for ever bleſſed Lord God of Heaven and Earth, we thy poor, and moſt unworthy creatures, miſerable and diſtreſſed ſinners, in all humility of heart, and dejectedneſs of Spirit, are here proſtrate before thee: Lord, we confeſs that we are utterly unworthy to approach thy glorious preſence; bleſſed God, we are confounded and aſhamed to lift up our ſinful eyes unto thee, whoſe gracious goodneſs we have ſo much neglected, whoſe patience and long-ſuffering ſo long abuſed, whoſe anger and indignation ſo juſtly provoked, whoſe wrath and fury ſo wretchedly deſerved.

Lord, we are heavy laden with the burden of our ſins, and thou alone art able to relieve us, to thee therefore we addreſs our ſinfulſoules for mercy and forgiveneſs: O thou that art the bleſſed Shepherd of our erring ſoules, that

camest into the world to seek, and to save those that are lost, have mercy upon us: O thou that hast espoused us unto thy self, and hast given us thy love, have mercy upon us; O thou that callest us to come unto thee, and embracest us when we are come, receive our prayers. Lord give us prepared hearts to meet thee in this holy duties; quicken our benumed soules with holy fervencie, that our devotions may ascend unto thy gracious presence: Lord thou hast promised to be near unto all those which call upon thee: with sincerity, and faithfulness of heart; for thy blessed promise sake, we most humbly beseech thee, let our humiliations be comfortable, our prayers acceptable.

In full assurance of the sweetness of thy mercy towards, we are now bold to become Petitioners unto thee for this thy sick servant, whose life is drawing near unto the grave: Blessed Lord God, it is thou that killest and makest alive, that bringest down to hell, and raisest up again, we most meekly beseech thee therefore, for thy rich and tender love sake to thine Elect, to mitigate that bitter curse which thou hast laid upon us all in *Adam*: Lord look upon his affliction and his travel, and forgive him all his sins: give him sure patience to endure with meekness whatsoever thou art pleased to inflict upon him; Lord lay no more upon his body, than thou shalt make him able for to bear; impose no more upon his wounded spirit, than thou in mercy shalt support him under: Forsake him not, O Lord our God, be not thou far from him; let him remember that this chastisement of thine, is common to thy dearest

dearest children; that thou hidest thy face from him but for a small moment, but with everlasting kindness thou wilt have mercy on him.

Lord, Settle and compose his thoughts for thy Kingdom; let no disturbance of this life distract those blessed meditations, which invite the weary soul to rest and quietness; let him now feel, and joyfully believe, that thou wilt order all these outward things to thine own glory, and the good of those that have relation to him; let him freely forgive all injuries on earth, and heartily desire to meet his greatest enemies in heaven. O let his soul be now transported with the sweetness of thy love, and favour towards him. Lord qualifie this bitter potion, which thy holy providence hath allotted to him; let him now remember, that the sufferings of this present life, are not worthy of that glory which shall be (suddainly) revealed in him; and when the outward man is drawing nearest to his dissolution, Lord Jesus Strengthen, and rejoice the inward man with comfort and assured confidence of thy Salvation.

To this end (O Lord) we most humbly beseech thee to illuminate his understanding, that he may see the sadness of his own condition in himself, that he may deny and utterly abhor himself, that he may disclaim all sinful confidence in his own actions, and endeavours, and wholly cast himself upon the righteousness of him, in whom alone thy wrath is fully satisfied. Lord give him a serious and a true remorse of conscience for his many, and his great offences; Lord Jesus grant that they may not now ap-

pear unto the terror and amazement of his sinful soul: O let him now remember that it is thy precious blood which purgeth him from all iniquitie, that thou (O blessed Saviour) art become unto him righteousnes, and holines, and sanctification, and redemption. Lord comfort and assist him in this last, and greatest tryall of his faith. And because the sensible decay of his infirm body, and the violent disturbance of his sickness, will not suffer him to call upon thee with digestednes of mind, and quietnes of Spirit; we therefore humbly pray thee, to sustain and comfort him, even in his greatest weaknes and extremity. Blessed God, let the sorrowful sighing of thy sick prisoner now come before thee: O let thy blessed Spirit, which is in him, put up humble supplications to the Father for him: O satisfie him with thy mercy, and that soon: let those happy sighs and groans, which cannot be expressed, become a pleasing sacrifice of thankfulnes to thee, and a sweet savour of eternal rest to his departing soul.

O thou that art God of power, protect him from the fury of that roaring Lion, who is now seeking to devour him: O thou that art the blessed Saviour of the sinful world, compassionate his frailties, commiserate his infirmities, forgive his iniquities: Lord purge him by thy precious blood, cloath him with thine own righteousnes, enrich him with thy blessed merits, and plead them to thy Father for him. O thou holy and for ever blessed Spirit, who art the pure fountain of eternal love, be present with him, relieve, and comfort him in all these bitter pangs of his last hour, indue him with a

willingneſs and cheerfulneſs to leave this tranſitory life, and crown him with eternity of joyes in that to come.

And now, O Lord, we come unto thee for our ſelves, who are here at this time upon our ſinful knees before thee, Lord open our eyes, that we may ſeriouſly conſider of that laſt and ſolemn hour of our departure: Lord ſanctifie our hearts, that while we are encompaſſed with ſinful fleſh, we may lament our often failings, and infirmities, and every day be more and more deſirous to go home to thee, who art the God of Spirits. Lord give us grace, that we may walk ſoberly, and righteouſly, and holilie, as becometh thy children; that at the reſurrection of the juſt, our ſoules and bodies may enjoy the bleſſed conſummation of their endleſs happineſs. Lord hear our prayers, and let our cries come unto thee, for thy name ſake, for thy promiſe ſake, for thy bleſſed Son ſake. *Amen.*

The Conclusion

BLessed Lord God, by whose only mercy I have finished this imperfect Work, as I began it by thy goodness, so I desire to end it with thy praise; Lord accept of it, and graciously afford thy blessing to it. Let not the weakness and the sinfulness of me the Instrument, be the Readers discouragement, but give glory and honour to thee the Agent; for of thee, and through thee, and to thee are all things, to thee be praise for ever. Amen.

SOLI DEO GLORIA.

For the comfort and assistance of those that are ready to depart this life, I have hereunto added the dying Confession of Mr. *Anthony Sadler*, Minister of Gods Word, at *West-Thorock* in *Essex*, of which I was an Ear-witness.

Obiit vicesimo die Maii, Anno 1643.

THE *Lord hath laid a gracious, and a gentle visitation on me; I do acknowledge (with a thankful heart) that this weakness of body, this languishing of nature, these painful daies and nights are from him*: For misery cometh not out of the dust, neither doth affliction spring out of the earth, *Job.* 5. 6. *Ah (my friends) Little do men think how much the great disturbances of sickness, how much the pains and infirmities of a decaying body, distract those blessed thoughts, those sweet and happy meditations, which the troubled soul desires; The Spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak; Lord Jesus strengthen the inward man, and lay no more upon this sinful body, than thou in mercy) shalt enable it to bear.*

I am now verily perswaded, that God hath purposed to determine my daies, his blessed will be done, even so Lord Jesus come quickly.

He that looketh into his life past, that ransaketh his soul, and calleth to mind the sinful failings

of his youth, will find it very hard, and difficult to make his calling, and election sure: I have earnestly desired to leave no corner of my soul unsearcht, and I find my self to be a very great and wretched sinner. I have committed grievous sins, very grievous sins, such sins as are not fit to be named before God's Saints; I have examined my soul by each particular Commandment, and I find my self guilty of the breach of all, and that in an high manner, especially considering that weighty Function God's providence hath called me unto: I have not only sinned against mine own soul, but against the soules of others too, when I have corrupted by my ill example, and that very often. And now, when I look upon the glass of the law, and their see mine own vilaness, I find Gods justice, and mine own deserts, even ready to surprize and cast me down into the nethermost hell, and that most righteously.

But O see the goodness of a gracious God! I now come to lay hold upon the promises, but how? not without repentance, not presumingly; I apply them not in a general, but particular way; I do not only believe that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, but I believe also that he died for my sins, and rose again for my justification. ——— God hath promised (and all his promises are Yea and Amen) that he will not forsake those which trust in him, nay it hath bound himself unto it by an oath, by two immutable things which cannot fail, his Truth, and his Holiness, Heb. 6. 18. and God hath said, that he which confesseth and forsaketh his sins, shall find mercy, 1 Joh. 1. 9. I acknowledge them ——— I confess them ——— I am grieved for them ——— I forsake them ——— abhorr them — what should I do more ———

God

God requireth not more of me and yet for all this I cannot find my self assured of his saviur; me-thinks this sorrow is not so hearty as it oughtto be, and yet I know, and stedfastlie believe, that if God did not work with me, this sorrow could not be, and where he worketh, there can be nothing wanting; I know that the most righteous man alive cannot perform this work so perfectlie as he ought, and therefore I believe that he which is ascended up on high, hath done it for me in that full and ample manner, which is able to appease his Father's wrath; and I now trust, that by his perfect obedience this imperfect work of mine shall find a gracious acceptation. This is my hope, and this my belief.

These pauses were supplied with tears.

Nay I can go yet a little further, to strengthen my assurance, that my peace is made with God; I every day, and every hour, do pray unto my Saviour to interceed his Father for me; and if I implore him, he will interced his Father; and if he interceed his Father, he cannot be denied.

O my God, impute my sins to him, transferr his righteousness to me, and then I know I shall appear a glorious soul before thee. Amen.

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